

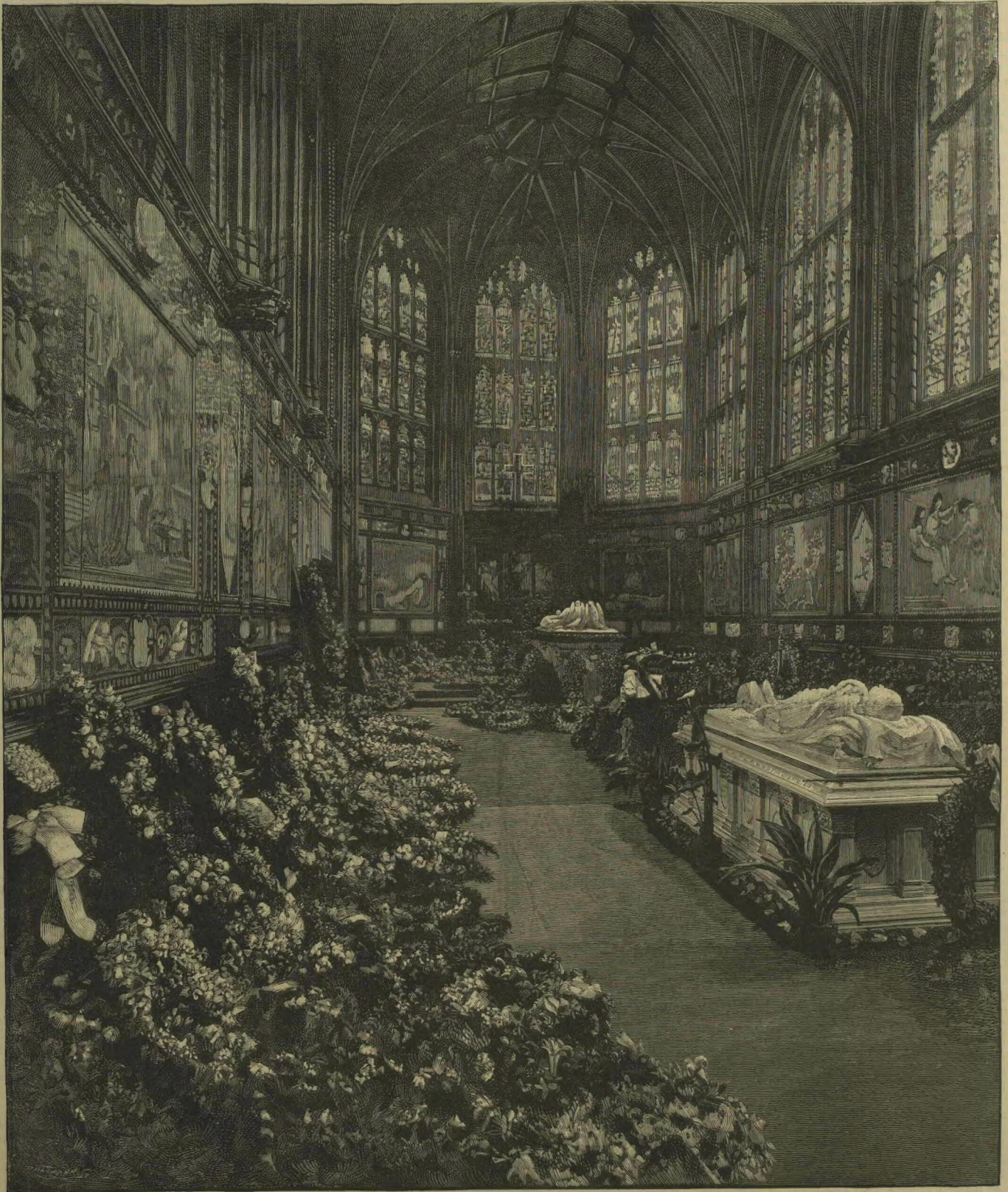
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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TWO (SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6d.



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE.—IN THE ALBERT MEMORIAL CHAPEL, WINDSOR: AN EMPIRE'S TRIBUTE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"The air is full of farewells to the dying and mourning for the dead," and the private woe competes, as in some contest where both must lose, with the public sorrow. As regards the last, the Muse has not been silent, though Lord Tennyson's poem on the sad event has not yet reached me. Its merits will doubtless be great, but it seems impossible that he can ever "recapture" that noble melody on the same subject—a bridal interfered with by envious Death—wherein he describes how

That remorseless from hour
Made cypress of her orange-flower,
Despair of hope, and earth of thee.

While the last rites were being paid to the late young Prince it would have been a jarring note to speak of limiting the expression of the general grief; but now that they are over it seems just and reasonable to ask why the poor and not the rich should suffer in such cases as well as mourn? A great poet has warned us—

Never to mix our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow to the meanest thing that feels;

and why should that pride and pomp of woe which necessarily attend the obsequies of those who are highly placed be an exception? It is very well for those who have no need to work to keep such days as days of lamentation, but not at the expense of their poorer brethren. It is well for a theatrical manager, for example, if he can afford it, to close the doors of his playhouse, but not to deprive his "supers" of their nightly wage. Why should their wives and children suffer because a royal house, however loved, has lost one of its dearest members? If the departed Prince could have a voice in the matter, he would, we may be sure, be the first to denounce the compulsory respect that was paid him at such a price. The poor, we are told, cannot afford the luxury of woe in their own households, and how much less that of the palace?

In England, indeed, in all ranks of life, our dead (or rather those who represent them) demand too much of the living. One funeral breeds half a dozen, from our senseless custom of standing bareheaded by the open grave. Our houses are darkened and the sunlight denied our children, from a notion of respect to the departed that does his character but little honour. The loss of one household is made as far as possible to extend to others, as though there were a superfluity of health and sunshine and light-heartedness among us, instead of a "plentiful lack" of all three. It is only decent that after the death of a near relative, a marriage in contemplation by some member of his family should be put off for a little while; but how often is this done for a wholly unreasonable period, even though the deceased had set his heart on the union in question and was eager for it to be solemnised! I have known a wedding between those dear to him to have been hastened by a dying man, from his knowledge that when his decease should have taken place a cruel convention, at war with all the best feelings of our nature, would postpone it for many months. In a nation which we call uncivilised it is the custom for those who have lost a relative to wear colours, under the idea that his removal to a better world should be the cause of rejoicing; it may be unsuitable to our melancholy natures to adopt this belief, but it is unnecessary to confederate with the Destroyer by detracting from the sum of human happiness.

Yet, as I write, the baleful custom of attending funerals with bared head has found a defender. An old gentleman standing by the graveside of his friend with "his hat only slightly raised, on account of the inclemency of the weather," has had it violently knocked off his head, with the moral rebuke, "Have you no respect for the dead, Sir?" The poor gentleman murmured plaintively, "My hat is off," but the assault was committed a second and even a third time. The idea at first suggests itself that such brutality could only have had its origin in greed; that the man must have been either an undertaker or a hatter (or "as mad as a hatter"); but it is probable that the action was only illustrative of that pretence of reverence which the most callous persons often display in their allegiance to conventionality. Another type of it is shown in that exaggerated politeness of manner to women which is generally practised by those who have the least respect for them.

We have the historical novel, and we have the novel whose scenes are projected into a century or so hence—the story of the past and the story of the future: why should we not also, writes an ingenious friend, have the story of the present—a novel, in serial, dealing with matters absolutely contemporaneous, and describing, week by week, events as they occur? The plot might be so arranged as to depend upon circumstances as they arise, as much within the purview of the reader as of the author himself, and would therefore have for him an almost personal interest: "In consequence of the increased prevalence of the influenza this week, Angelina was forbidden by her parents to attend the private theatricals, and that meeting with Edwin, to which we have all been looking forward, has accordingly fallen through. The regard entertained for him by the new Khedive gives him hopes of an appointment in Egypt which will render the painful delay of the union of these two fond hearts unnecessary; but the

intrigues at Alexandria are no less deplorable to-day than they were in 1891. Nevertheless, like a true Englishwoman, she hopes for the best, and has ordered, on credit, her trousseau, which may be inspected by any lady, on the presentation of her address card, at Madame B.'s, Regent Street." It has been objected to certain novelists that they never seem able to "look ahead," or to know where they (or rather their characters) are going; but in the novel of the present no reproach will attach to the author upon that account, since he is neither Old Moore nor Zadkiel.

Some intellectual gentlemen who must be terribly in want of occupation are breaking their teeth over some poetical nuts of Mr. Browning's. It is probably a case of "none could read the book, not even he," and to judge by the "comments" made upon it, they are quite as unintelligible. It never seems to strike these excellent persons that just as they might have spent their lives in a vain pursuit of any historical account of "How the Good News was brought from Ghent to Aix," so it is possible that the unknown incidents and persons to whom these obscure allusions have been made were invented by the bard himself. Why should he not have imagined them, as well as the rest of his poem, and thus provided for the lovers of obscurity a never-ending feast? There is no article more easy to supply than broken glass, however importunate may be the demand for that pabulum.

A Bechuanaland newspaper resents certain discouraging reports concerning the gold mines in that locality, and, while admitting that they are not so flourishing as could be wished, is of opinion that "even yet some of us may make a not insignificant amount out of the British public: no one wants claims to work, but claims to sell." None can say this is not honest and above board; it relieves commerce in Bechuanaland from that imputation of insincerity and deceit too often ascribed to it in other places, and for candour is absolutely without a parallel in prose. In poetry, however, it has been anticipated—

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I am not a knave!

As for the razors you have bought

Upon my soul I never thought

That they would shave."

"Not think they'd shave!" cried Hodge, with wondering eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;

"What were they made for, then, you dog?" he cries,

"Made," quoth the fellow, with a smile—"to sell."

Speaking of candour, the recent revelations—though brief and insignificant in themselves—of a gentleman in trouble, *per his diary*, have never been exceeded. For one's biographer, nothing could be more satisfactory than such admissions; they go far to realise what Rousseau only pretended to convey in his "Confessions"—those actual thoughts and feelings which, if they were honestly written down, would make, as Carlyle observes, the life of any ordinary and commonplace person the most interesting reading; but as regards the autobiographer—the narrator at first hand—they strike one as injudicious. Most diaries of any extent and diffuseness are written with an eye to future publication; and that Pepys' personal chronicle had no such aim gives it half its value. The diary of the late Miss Bashkirtseff was certainly written for publication. Mere vanity and egotism would not have dictated it at such length for her own private edification. A great many young women have probably entertained the same ideas respecting their own merits and attractions, without having the audacity to commit them to paper. The success of her experiment, indeed, proves the rarity of it. The genuineness of her high opinion of herself seems to have persuaded a good many people that the sentiments expressed were also genuine; though others are not so convinced of this. In the more recent instance referred to, the diary was disadvantageous to the writer, and is therefore, doubtless, trustworthy. To students of human nature such proofs of the folly of the dogma that we do not know ourselves are unnecessary. We may not "see ourselves as others see us," but how is it possible that we should not know ourselves, at all events, far better than others know us? Who else has the same data for knowledge? Who else would take the trouble to investigate the matter? At the same time, it is most unusual with us to put down in black and white, what, if read by other eyes than our own, would prove detrimental to us. The inspired writers have given us many confessions of sin and shortcoming, but they have invariably added resolutions for amendment: they are not diaries, but reflections. Except for the fixing of dates, it is quite curious how little use the diaries of eminent persons have been to their biographers. For the future, this will be more the case than ever, since the cry, "Break lock and seal, betray the trust," has become so important that only the most resolute and honourable natures (who have "memoirs" to sell) are able to resist it.

It is curious how in the discussion respecting applause in church both those in favour of it and those against it treat the demonstration as a novelty. Yet it was frequently practised at a very early period. In answer to a doctrinal question raised by St. Jerome, Gregory Nazianzen replies, "I will teach you that at church, where, when all the people shall applaud me, you will be forced to know what you do not know; for if you only keep silence you will be looked

upon as a fool." Vigilantius, who seems to have had a different opinion of St. Jerome, could not suppress his rapture at hearing him preach, but would jump up and applaud with both hands, crying at the same time in a loud voice, "Excellent father! Orthodox divine!" and so on, in a fashion that would nowadays have got him sent to jail for brawling. When St. Chrysostom preached, we are told, "the congregation waved their hats and handkerchiefs," and cried aloud, "The thirteenth apostle! the glory and honour of the priesthood!" Bishop Burnet so appreciated the humming noise that indicated approbation of his sermons, that he is said "to have sat down in the pulpit to enjoy it"; but Bishop Spratt, his rival, was wont to check these notes of admiration with "Peace, peace, I pray you, peace." Whether *claqueurs* were employed in either case, we are not informed. On the other hand, as might be expected, disapprobation was sometimes expressed by congregations. When a preacher made himself obnoxious to the students at Cambridge, we are told in Cradock's "Memoirs," it was their custom to let him know it by scraping their feet. Dr. James Scott preached against the practice, taking for his text: "Keep thy feet when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools," whereupon the galleries became such a scene of uproar that the proctors had to interfere.

The vivisectionists are of two classes: the one (mostly French) who, as in the public inquiry on the subject, boldly affirm that the pain inflicted on dumb animals "never enters into their minds"; the other who, while regretting the pain, hold it of small consequence compared with the possible benefit that may result from it to humanity—that is, the *other* humanity. In a case where murder was lately committed in Paris by pouring molten lead into a drugged man's ear, it was sought to be established that the pain must have awakened him. To this end—and one supposes they will be justified by this No. 2 class—two doctors got a dog and experimented upon it in a similar fashion. "An eye-witness," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "describes its sufferings as passing description. It was so frantic with pain that it shook off the straps that fastened it down to the torture-table like rotten packthread." The names of these fiendish miscreants are not given, but, if the College of Surgeons in Paris takes no steps to discover them, we shall know what to think of the College of Surgeons in Paris.

If anything can disabuse the public mind of the notion that novel-writing is a remunerative calling—in comparison with any other known to civilisation—it will be the application of the authoress of "George Geith of Fen Court," and many other equally well-known works, for a pension. Badly as the fund for the encouragement of Literature and Art has generally been administered, it is scarcely possible that her claim should be disallowed; but the wonder will be to most people how it came to be necessitated. "What? a popular novelist, who must have made her thousands a year, wanting a pittance of this kind! Whoever heard of a popular physician, or a popular preacher, or a popular anybody being in such straits?" Very true, all except "the thousands a year." It is stated on her own authority that £260 is the average income she realised by literature. Yet if this lady is not "at the top of the tree" in her profession, she is certainly on the higher boughs: and these very moderate gains are all that have come of it. There is nothing to complain about in the matter: literature has its compensations in other than pecuniary returns; but it is rather hard that those who are compelled by circumstances to live on "a little oatmeal" should be credited by the public with a diet of turtle and venison. If their tradespeople credited them with it, the mistake could be borne, but they know better. Of all the long roll of novelists, Walter Scott and Victor Hugo are, perhaps, the only ones whom literature has led to what by those who practise any other profession would be called wealth. How poorly would even Dickens's "estate" have looked had it not been for his "readings"! There will presently doubtless be an outbreak over a large sum given under exceptional circumstances for a particular novel, and all the old myths of the immense incomes made by popular authors will be revived in consequence. I suppose it is a compensation of Nature's for those other falsehoods concerning them, of a less complimentary nature, which are invented by the critics.

One is glad to see that the law has put it foot down upon puzzle competitions in the cheap periodicals. It has decided that they are lotteries; though, if so, it was not of the kind so extensively advertised as "no blanks and all prizes"—they were no prizes and all blanks; or, if there were prizes, they were generally awarded to members of the proprietor's family: like charity, good luck in these competitions began at home. There were all kinds of incidental swindles in connection with them; in the "word contests" it was sometimes necessary to success to purchase a certain dictionary (published by the proprietor). The only advantage of them was that it sometimes compelled the candidates to study their Bibles very accurately in order to discover how many f's or g's were in the Book of Job—a work of great patience.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Our last week's publication, being prepared immediately after the solemn ceremony in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on Wednesday, Jan. 20, could not entirely dispose of all the incidental subjects treated by our artists upon this occasion. We now present a Sketch of the conveyance of the coffin from Sandringham Church, after the brief religious service in the morning, to the Wolferton railway station. The coffin was placed upon a gun-carriage of the Royal Artillery, drawn by six horses. Behind it walked the Prince of Wales, with the Duke of Fife and Sir Dighton Probyn. The two clergymen followed, and the men of the Prince's household. Several closed carriages brought the Princesses and the other ladies. The labourers of the Sandringham estate walked six abreast behind.

The funeral party, including the Princes and Princesses, having reached the station, entered a special train. In

placed there between the cenotaph of the late Prince Consort and the monument of the late Duke of Albany.

A magnificent spectacle of floral beauty and artistic decoration was displayed in the grand collection of wreaths, crosses, and garlands arranged round the interior of the Albert Memorial Chapel, or adorning the tombs and monuments of the royal family. Though including the tokens of affection sent by the Queen, the Princes and Princesses, the personal friends—of the deceased, and the ladies and gentlemen of the household, and by many foreign Courts, this collection was so largely augmented by gifts from all classes of her Majesty's subjects that it might be regarded as "an Empire's tribute." Among the most conspicuous was the combined offering of the Colonies of Canada, Australasia, and the Cape, sent by their Agents-General in London. This wreath, having an external diameter of 5 ft., and 3 ft. internal diameter, was composed of the choicest white flowers, camellias, lilies-of-the-valley, azaleas, and others, relieved by a sprinkling of violets. Around it was a white ribbon of rich watered silk, nine inches wide, with an inscription in large violet-coloured letters, each end finishing with a

ancient Norman door represented in the drawing is the west entrance to the church. While Rector of Lavington, Mr. Manning restored both these old-time edifices. The sketch of old Lavington Church is taken from a water-colour done by Mrs. Wilberforce, wife of the late Bishop.

After the death of Mrs. Manning, her sister became sole heiress to the property, and it thus passed into the Wilberforce family. The rectory, which is now at Grafton, was then at Beechwood. The present rector is the Rev. Rowley Lascelles. The picture of Lavington Church, which is close to Lavington House, represents it and the churchyard as they are at present. The grave nearest the church is that of Mrs. Wilberforce, next to this is the grave of the late Bishop, and the third is that of Lieutenant Herbert Wilberforce, R.N., the Bishop's eldest son, who died from hardship and exposure in the Crimean War. Between these graves is a small space, and the fourth is that of Mrs. Manning, the late Cardinal's wife, which, it will be noticed, bears no cross like the other three. It is said that her death was the turning-point in Archdeacon Manning's career (he was then Archdeacon of Chichester), for it removed the bar between him and the



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE: FUNERAL WREATH SENT BY THE COLONIES—CANADA, THE CAPE, AND AUSTRALASIA.

the central carriage, hung with purple velvet adorned with a large silver device bearing the initials "C and A," was the coffin. Leaving Sandringham at a quarter before twelve, the train passed two hours afterwards from the Great Eastern to the North London Railway, went on to the London and South-Western line, and reached Windsor at three o'clock. The reception and conduct of the funeral at Windsor, the procession through the town, and the service in St. George's Chapel have been described. The Prince of Wales, as chief mourner, was supported by Prince George of Wales and the Duke of Fife. The Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Christian, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the Duke of Teck were near at hand. The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, Prince Leopold of Prussia, the Crown Prince of Denmark, and several German and other foreign Princes represented so many imperial and royal houses. The Princess of Wales and her daughters, the Duchess of Teck and her daughter, were unseen in the private gallery. When the whole congregation had retired, the bands of the Guards' regiments, massed together outside, played Chopin's and Beethoven's funeral marches. At six o'clock the coffin was removed into the adjacent Albert Memorial Chapel. It was

bow and a small cross in violet. The Colonies, where the late Duke of Clarence was known and esteemed, will approve this becoming tribute of regard and regret for the loss which they share with us all.

CARDINAL MANNING AND LAVINGTON RECTORY.

The sketch of Beechwood House, the favourite home of the late Cardinal Manning for many years, or Lavington Rectory, as it was called in his day, is a back view of the house, looking on to Lavington Park, with the wooded slope of the Downs in the rear. The rectory is built on the property of Mr. R. G. Wilberforce, within a stone's throw of Lavington House. Mr. Manning, after leaving Oxford, was appointed curate at Waltham, about three miles from Lavington, and married the second daughter of Mr. Sargent, who was then squire of Lavington. The elder daughter married the late Bishop Wilberforce. Mr. Manning was presented to the living of Lavington and Grafton, the latter a quaint old spot with a beautiful little church, about a mile along the drive from Lavington House. The

Roman priesthood. In the side aisle inside the church is a beautiful brass monument to the late Bishop Wilberforce, and above it the pastoral staff.

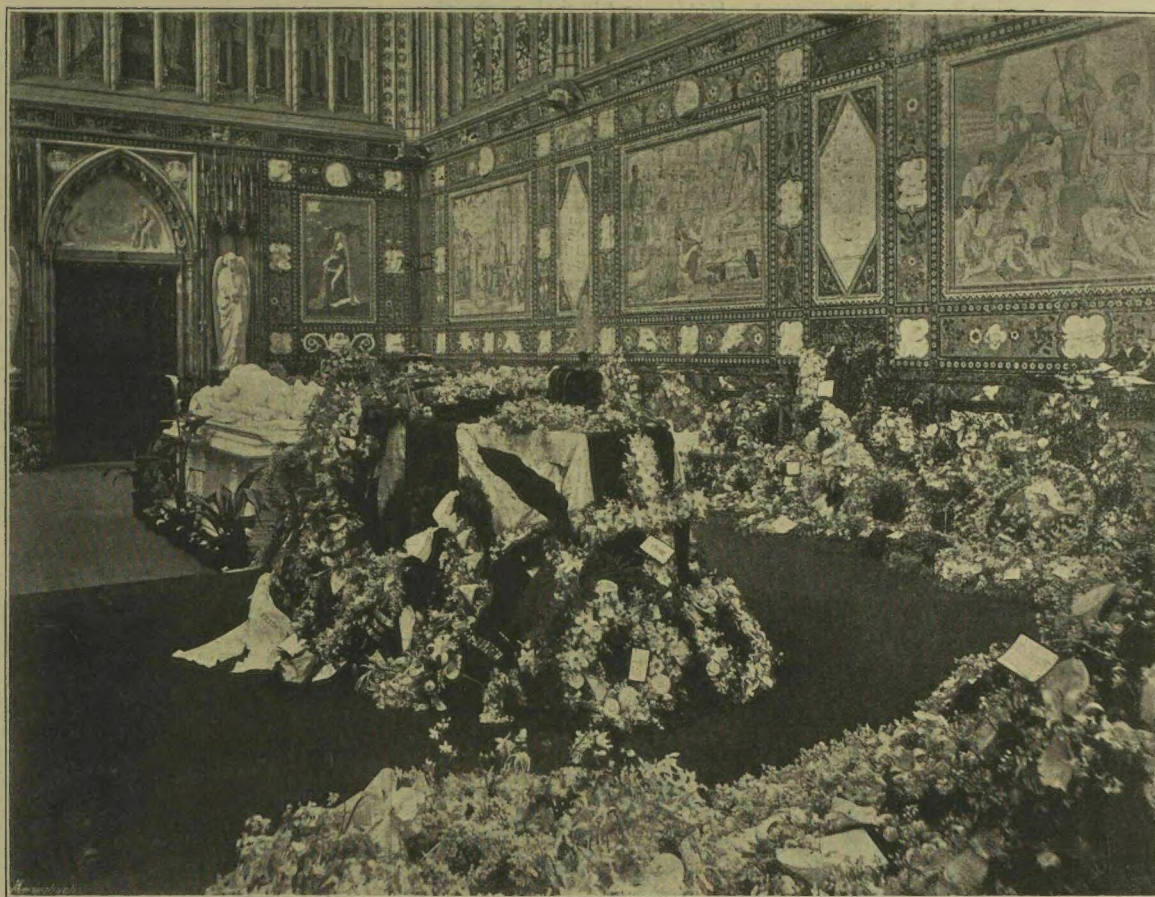
Cardinal Manning accepted the Rectory of Lavington in 1834, and was received into the Roman communion in 1851. Although he was something of an autocrat, he was dearly loved in the church and parish of Lavington, and many are the stories one hears from the old folk even now of the good works he did when rector there. In the village of Grafton there lives at present an old woman named Challen, who was a Roman Catholic when Mr. Manning became rector of the parish. She relates how everyone looked up to him for guidance and instruction, and through his teachings she became a Protestant. A few years after the Cardinal joined the Church of Rome he returned to visit his old home and friends, but nothing would induce Mrs. Challen to return to her first faith, and the Cardinal was unable to convince her for the second time that she was in the wrong path.

At Lavington House there is a very pretty water-colour interior of the old church, the work of Mrs. Wilberforce, showing where the shepherds from the Downs used to sit during service, with their sheep-dogs under the benches.



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE: FUNERAL PROCESSION FROM SANDRINGHAM CHURCH TO THE RAILWAY STATION.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON.



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE: IN THE ALBERT MEMORIAL CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

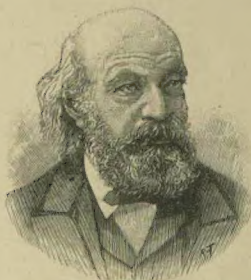


THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE: MASSED BANDS PLAYING OUTSIDE ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, AFTER THE FUNERAL.

PERSONAL.

England has just lost the most notable of her latter-day astronomers in the person of Professor John Couch Adams, who died at Cambridge on Jan. 21. Adams was one of the most distinguished mathematicians of his day. In 1843 he was Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman, and the discovery with which his life is associated belongs to that earlier period of his career. This was, of course, the location of the planet Neptune. The disturbances in the course of Uranus had long convinced astronomers that some undiscovered body was affecting its movements, and Adams and Leverrier, the French astronomer, set about calculating the cause. Adams, pursuing purely mathematical methods, without any real aid from the telescope, made his calculations and finally fixed the position of Neptune close to where it was afterwards discovered. He left it for the telescopists to find it in the heavens.

Unfortunately, those were conservative and slow-moving days in English astronomy, and Adams's discovery was not followed until the announcement came that the other star-watcher—into whose ken the new planet had also "swum," and who had come a trifle nearer its actual position than Adams—had succeeded in his quest, and that the star had been noted in the sky. Adams's claims, however, to equal honours with Leverrier were afterwards fully acknowledged, and the two great men shared the glory. Since the discovery the Professor has lived a retired and uneventful life at Cambridge, lecturing, and adding somewhat to his earlier investigations, though he has done nothing to throw them



THE LATE PROFESSOR J. C. ADAMS.

for the late Cardinal's sympathies were, like those of the mass of his flock in London, pro-Irish and democratic, while, on the other hand, the English Catholic party, which, though not numerically strong, includes some of the ablest and most powerful men in the Church, desires a representative of its own more measured and conservative attitude. The candidate of this section is Bishop Vaughan of Salford, a cultured ecclesiastic of much personal charm, and the proprietor of the *Tablet*. On the other hand, the advanced section favours Dr. Gilbert, Cardinal Manning's intimate friend and helper, who shares his old superior's social and political views.

Still a third solution is said to have the support of the Duke of Norfolk, who has put forward the claim of Dr. Butt, the Bishop of Southwark. Dr. Butt is a former Irish chaplain, a Conservative in politics, a man of retiring temper, but a capable organiser. Finally, to cap the other suggestions, it has been proposed that Cardinal Moran should migrate from Australia to London. His appointment would, no doubt, have the incidental advantage of avoiding the jealousies arising from the promotion of a member of the English hierarchy. Probably, however, Rome may have a surprise in store which will exclude all these selections in advance.

The proposal to erect a statue of Cardinal Newman in Broad Street, Oxford, has excited a strong protest in that city. Some of the subscribers to the memorial object to the choice of the site, which is not judicious; but there is a very strong feeling both in the city and in the University against any statue at all. It happens that Oxford is not decorated with any such monument of a public man, and the people, whose religious susceptibilities are very keen, ask, not unnaturally, why the first symbol of this kind should be raised to the memory of a man whose secession from the Church of England at a critical juncture was one of the greatest blows she ever sustained. Moreover, on æsthetic grounds, it is difficult to welcome the erection of any statue in Oxford, which is free from the one form of architectural ornament to which the genius of this country does not lend itself. On the other hand, Newman's associations with the University were historic, and the desire to commemorate them in some outward and visible form springs from a praiseworthy sentiment.

Mr. John Henry Maden, the new member for Rossendale, is a young man of twenty-eight, who has for some little time

MR. J. H. MADEN,
THE NEW M.P. FOR ROSSENDALE.SIR THOMAS BROOKS,
UNIONIST CANDIDATE FOR ROSSENDALE.

into the shade. He was not a "literary" scientist of the type of Professor Tyndall or Professor Huxley, and his style made no pretence to ornament. He was an interesting lecturer and a man of great simplicity of mind and life.

Another victim to the influenza plague is Dr. Frederic John Wood, Chairman of Convocation of the University of London. He died early on Monday, Jan. 25, in his seventy-second year, at his residence, Maisonette, Clapham Common, thus closely following his wife, who passed away three days before him. They were both buried in Abney Park Cemetery. Dr. Wood, who was a Chancery barrister, was born at Totteridge, Herts. When the University of London obtained the right to elect a member of Parliament, his was one of the first names suggested, but he declined to accept nomination, and the choice fell on Mr. Robert Lowe, now Lord Sherbrooke. As Chairman of Convocation, Dr. Wood was throughout his life associated with the Congregational communion. He was the oldest deacon of the church at Clapham of which the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers is minister, and in July last was one of the delegated members to the International Council of Congregationalists which assembled in London.

The long list of recent deaths of distinguished men includes the Grand Duke Constantine, who died on Sunday, Jan. 24, at midnight. He was second son of the great Czar Nicholas, and was a ready helper of his brother Alexander, the late Czar, in the reforms of that reign. He was a man of cultured mind and refined tastes, his special talent lying in the direction of naval affairs. During the Crimean War he commanded the Russian fleet in the Baltic, though, as the ships never left Cronstadt, he had no opportunity of showing his abilities. He was responsible, however, for the later reorganisation of the fleet, and did his work extremely well. When his nephew, the present Czar, came to the throne, his political influence never very great, disappeared, and he had soon to retire on some unsubstantial charge of maladministration in the fleet. For the remainder of his life he devoted himself to literary and scientific pursuits, especially to the study of geography, in which he was an expert. Latterly he suffered from paralysis and softening of the brain, and his closing days were darkened by his eldest son's disgrace and punishment and by other family troubles. Throughout his illness he was nursed with the utmost devotion by his wife, the Grand Duchess Alexandra Josephovna.

Catholic circles are being interested in the question of Cardinal Manning's successor. The choice is a difficult one,

taken an active interest in imperial politics. He is the son of a famous Rossendale man, and "old John Maden" could probably at any time have won the seat. He declined, however, to stand, mainly from personal feeling for Lord Hartington. "Young John" was, however, a more uncompromising politician, and he was, in particular, an ardent Home Ruler. The Madens are owners of three immense cotton factories at Bacup. Mr. Maden himself took an active part in the party propaganda. He was president of the Rossendale Liberal Council, served on several public bodies, and gave liberally to schools, charities, and social and philanthropic movements. His election programme, apart from Home Rule, was an advanced one, and he promised to vote for an Eight-Hours Bill for the miners, who are strong in "the Golden Vale."

The Queen has been pleased to approve the appointment of the Rev. Thomas Bell to be Dean of Guernsey, in the room of the Very Rev. Carey Brock, resigned. Mr. Bell was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he took a first class in the School of *Litteræ Humaniores* in 1843, obtaining the Denyer Prize in 1848. He has been Rector of the Vale, Guernsey, of which he was previously curate, since 1859, and in 1889 was appointed an honorary canon of Winchester Cathedral.

On Jan. 26, the anniversary of the death of General Gordon, the statue in Trafalgar Square was covered with beautiful wreaths, and was visited during the day by many thousands of persons.

In connection with the now wellnigh forgotten pearl case, it is stated that the friends of Mrs. Osborne have decided to pay to Messrs. Spink the sum of £550, the amount which they gave for Mrs. Hargreave's jewels. The solicitors representing the plaintiff in the recent action have sent a cheque for £300 and £250 in £50 bank notes to the Treasury for Messrs. Spink. The money was handed over by the Treasury authorities to the City police, and it is now in the hands of Inspector Taylor, of the City police, who, it is understood, will carry out the wishes of Mrs. Osborne's friends.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The portrait of Sir H. D. Wolff is from a photograph by Mr. A. Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.; the late Professor J. C. Adams by Messrs. Scott and Wilkinson, 47, Great Andrew Street, Edinburgh; Mr. Maden, M.P., by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

"Mark time! Mark time!" This is what I seem to hear the "fell Sergeant" cry to the ranks as each new Hamlet comes upon the scene. On an average, I imagine each decade produces one more Prince of Denmark. Let me count up, without taxing my memory, a few of the Hamlets I have seen. The first Hamlet: Samuel Phelps, at the old Sadler's Wells Theatre in Islington—a revelation, as it seemed to my boyish imagination, but possibly more from the play than the player. I had gone on my knees to the authorities at home that I might be taken to see "Hamlet" when Phelps appeared next at the Wells, and the result was an instant love of Shakspeare, which I very much doubt I should have acquired from the uninstructed perusal of Knight's "Shakspeare," bound in Russia leather, with which I was duly rewarded. Surely all boys should be taken to see Shakspeare acted, and as soon as possible. I shall never forget how we London boys used to crowd over our schoolfellows at the Shakspeare readings and Shakspeare debating societies at Marlborough because we had seen with our own eyes Phelps at Sadler's Wells or Charles Kean at the Princess's! Yes, Charles Kean must have been my second Hamlet. He rather frightened me, and I could not reconcile this diminutive scowling man of the harsh grating voice with my ideal "sweet Prince," the expectancy and rose of the fair state. Just as Phelps seemed too old, so Charles Kean seemed too ugly. Then came the ideal Hamlet, as it seemed in one's early youth, when the mind was eager for impressions. I was comparing notes with old playgoers of the year 1860 and onwards, and none of us have ever forgotten the extreme delight of the Hamlet of Charles Fechter. It was so different from the Hamlets we had been taught by our elders to reverence—so new, so fresh, so natural, so picturesque. We had tried to understand and master the perplexities of the play, but now a revelation broke in upon us. Hamlet the philosopher and introspective student we had seen, but not the lover of Ophelia, not the friend of Horatio, not the pathetic figure, not the poet. I will pass over the Hamlet of Barry Sullivan, of Charles Dillon, of King, *et hoc genus omne*. They presented no new feature. To me they were, none of them, an intellectual treat.

THE HAMLET OF MR. IRVING.

But at last came a Hamlet even more satisfying to the mind more formed and the imagination more steady. This was the Hamlet who supplied exactly what Fechter wanted. In a measure he was as picturesque; as a whole he was more admirable. Never before in my memory had the scenes with Ophelia, the scenes with the Ghost, the scene with his mother, been so admirably and convincingly played as by Henry Irving. This was the scholar's Hamlet. I was discussing the question of Hamlets the other evening with one of the oldest actors still with us, Walter Lacy, is considerably over eighty years of age, but his eyes flashed, and he discussed the Hamlets he had seen with the freshness and enthusiasm of a boy. To him there had been only two Hamlets—Young and Henry Irving—and he gave us his reasons for coming to that conclusion lucidly and admirably. Our American friends swear by the Hamlet of Edwin Booth. On us this excellent actor did not make much impression in a character in which he is said to be super-excellent. We found him dapper, alert, active, but unconvincing. I have seen two female Hamlets. One was Miss Marriott, at Sadler's Wells, an extraordinary performance, and one of great value. The other was a Madame Vestrali, of no moment. Wilson Barrett, in London, in America, and in the provinces, secured, as Hamlet, the abiding allegiance of many of his admirers. I have heard scores of ladies declare that this, their first Hamlet, was a treasured memory. He made an impression which could not be effaced. It was essentially a new Hamlet; it delighted many, and it was unquestionably clever.

THE HAMLET OF MR. BEERBOHM TREE.

So once more the "fell Sergeant" called out "Mark time!" and Mr. Beerbohm Tree's turn came. It was inevitable. Here was a student, here was an actor of a certain genius, here was an artist of dauntless ambition. It was not so wonderful that the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, who had already appeared as Falstaff and Iago, should play Hamlet, as it was, years before, that Irving should attempt it—stepping from the little Vandeville as Digby Grant to enter into comparison with the Kean and the Kembles. I am sure every intellectual playgoer stands indebted to Mr. Tree for appearing as Hamlet at the Haymarket.

To my mind it is one of the most classical of all the Hamlets ever shown us by a very young man. The very things that an actor like Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and with his temperament, might have been disposed to do, he most religiously and conscientiously discards. I should have thought that an actor with such a power of comedy in him would have emphasised the scenes in which he apparently takes the least interest. For instance, the scene of the laying of the ghost, the "old mole," "old trepanny," and soon; the wild and whirling words when the mind is almost unninged with the terror of the visitation and the dread responsibility of the visit. Such scenes Mr. Tree deliberately puts on one side. He seems determined to forget what a comedian he is, and avoids those contrasts of manner which are so telling and effective in not only the ghost scene, but in the scenes with Polonius and the courtiers. No, in his idea Hamlet is the dreamy, mystic student. He wants to interest the audience in the general conception and not in the detail. Who would have thought that the play scene would, with a new Hamlet, have gone back to the idea of our forefathers—with Hamlet repeating the text after the actors and crawling across the stage to the King, who is not allowed to give the signal for departure? Who could have imagined that the old business of the double miniatures would have been restored? But so it was. It was the most accepted of Hamlets in a new guise. But, for all that, Mr. Tree has suggested improvements that can never be forgotten. The concealment of Ophelia in a side oratory during Hamlet's most important soliloquy, the prayer of Hamlet before he goes to his mother's chamber, and countless other instances of admirable detail, must be accepted finally, and ought never to be forgotten.

MRS. TREE'S OPHELIA.

But Mr. Beerbohm Tree did not succeed alone. His clever wife shared his distinguished honours. Mrs. Tree's Ophelia will be among my most delightful memories. There was no stagginess here, no trick, no artificiality. It was a beautiful picture, a love-lorn maiden, capable of endless devotion, cut down like a beautiful flower by an unskilled gardener. I can only record my own impressions. The snatches of song so exquisitely and faultlessly given sent a thrill through me. Never before have I heard such a pathetic and pleading wail. "Oh! the pity of it, the pity of it!" That was the suggestion. No tearing down of curtains, no tricks, no Bedlamite lunacy, no suggestions of Colney Hatch or Hanwell; but a lovely picture within a picture, an Ophelia most graceful, most beautiful, most persuasive; in fact, what she should be—"a broken blossom, a ruined rhyme." I thank thee, Swinburne, for these expressive words!

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen was so pleased with the portrait of the late Duke of Clarence on the cover of last week's issue of the *Illustrated London News* that the photographers, Messrs. Chancellor and Son, of 55, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin, were commanded to send that and any other portraits they might have of the late Duke to her Majesty.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have sent an affecting message to the subjects of the Queen in response to the innumerable tokens of public sympathy. These manifestations have, they say, brought them all the consolation that is possible for their great loss, and have increased their attachment to their "dear country." It has been rather superfluously announced that this message was entirely composed by the Prince and Princess. This might have been taken for granted; and there was, at any rate, sufficient testimony in the composition itself that it was not the work of the Court Newsman, who would have expressed his emotions in a much more ornate fashion.

The political event of the week is the Opposition victory in Rossendale. Mr. Maden, the Liberal candidate, was returned by a majority of 1225, despite the curious symptoms of a Unionist rally at the last moment. This is the fourth seat which the Opposition have won in Lancashire since 1886, and it is certainly the greatest reverse the Government have yet sustained at the polls. Its effects are likely to be far-reaching, not only in Lancashire, which is a Conservative stronghold, but throughout the country. The Ministerial organs admit that Mr. Gladstone has for the time recovered the allegiance of Liberal constituencies like Rossendale, which he lost six years ago, though it is maintained that the next disclosure of his Irish policy will alienate them again. That the great issue in Rossendale was Home Rule is not denied; but Mr. Gladstone's opponents are counting on the difficulties he will meet in framing a measure to satisfy both the English Radicals and the Irish parties.

Two days before the poll in Rossendale the Duke of Devonshire published a letter in reply to Mr. Gladstone's appeal to the electors. In this document the Duke sought to disclaim the responsibility thrust upon him by Mr. Gladstone for the alleged Unionist pledges of local government for Ireland, no coercion, and no land purchase. How far the Duke of Devonshire's vindication may affect the general mass of popular opinion, it is impossible to say; but the Rossendale election registers the extinction of his personal influence in his old constituency. In 1885 Lord Hartington had a majority of over eighteen hundred, and in the following year it was over fourteen hundred; but, as Mr. Maden polled just six votes more than Lord Hartington received in 1885, it would appear that the Liberal Unionists of Rossendale now number little more than six hundred all told.

Mr. Balfour has indefinitely postponed his visit to Belfast, on account of the death of the Duke of Clarence. The First Lord of the Treasury was to have given the Irish Unionists an exposition of the principles of his Irish Local Government Bill. This measure is awaited with much anxiety in the north of Ireland; but it is unlikely that anything will be known of its provisions till it is introduced in the House of Commons. There is every anxiety that its Parliamentary career will be stormy, for the Rossendale victory has animated the Opposition with the most sanguine hopes, and there will be a systematic attempt to force the Government to a dissolution.

The Local Government Board has awoke to the necessity of saying something about the influenza, and the outcome of this zeal is a long memorandum which sets forth the perils of the disease and the propriety of taking precautions. If you are attacked by the influenza, says this august department, you must not attempt to fight against it, but you must seek "warmth, rest, and medical treatment." This is no doubt exceedingly wise, but it is not very novel; and the invalid who thinks the Local Government Board ought to know something about an epidemic will appreciate the stroke of irony at the end of the document. What the medical treatment should be, says the official humorist, "does not come within the scope of this memorandum."

An eminent anti-vivisectionist is reputed to have said that if anyone were attacked by influenza he had better "die like a man" than count upon science to save him from the bacillus. This piece of rhetoric has been construed by some to mean that the bacillus must be elevated to the humanitarian plane, and protected against the inquisition of ornel professors. If the influenza bacillus should take up his quarters in me, I must not violate his sanctuary by expelling him, but I must resign myself to my latter end for his benefit. This reasoning is rather inconclusive, even from the bacillus point of view, for if I die, he may be buried with me; but if I live and turn him out, he may devote his energies to my neighbour.

The Court for Crown Cases Reserved has summarily quashed the conviction of certain Eastbourne Salvationists for "unlawful assembly." The "assembly" was that of about thirty-four peaceful citizens, who were set upon by a mob of fifteen hundred people. Mr. Justice Hawkins accompanied his judgment with some caustic remarks about the Mayor of Eastbourne's brother "skeletons," who showed their appreciation of the judicial censure by rioting more violently than ever. The Salvationists have now established their right to walk in procession on Sunday with their instruments, provided they do not play during the march. A Bill for the repeal of the bye-law which originated this mischief is now ready for first reading in the House of Commons.

The struggle for what the Socialists deem to be the right of free speech at the World's End, in Chelsea, has led the Social Democratic Federation to announce a great demonstration of protest against the conduct of the police. Mr. Cunningham Graham was invited to take part in the proceedings, but, having a lively recollection of what happened to him in Trafalgar Square some years ago, he has asked the Federation for a guarantee. The old business cost him £1200 in legal expenses as well as a broken head, and he modestly suggests that his fellow Socialists should undertake to protect

him against pecuniary loss before he adventures his person in their cause. This is certainly not Quixotic on Mr. Graham's part, but whether his prudence is worth the price he sets on it is another affair.

Mr. Plimsoll made a startling statement in his evidence before the Labour Commission. He affirmed that the rations of seamen in the mercantile marine were often unfit for food, consisting of the condemned stores which ships' chandlers have purchased from the Government. Until lately, it seems to have been the practice of the Admiralty to sell its refuse without taking any precaution to put the character of the stores beyond question. The Corporation of London employ some chemical process, which prevents the retailers from palming off the refuse as fit for human diet. Lord George Hamilton has recently established a similar guarantee in his



LION CUB BROUGHT FROM INDIA BY THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

department, but Mr. Plimsoll's assertion about the treatment of sailors demands a rigid inquiry.

On Jan. 24 the palace of the Duc d'Arenberg, one of the artistic curiosities of Brussels and a great historical monument, was partly destroyed by fire. The Egmont wing, which had been preserved in exactly the same condition as at the time of Count d'Egmont's arrest by the Duke of Alva in 1567, was entirely burned down, and with it every souvenir of the Count. Nothing was saved but a piece of Gobelin's tapestry. Fortunately, the other part of the palace, containing the famous D'Arenberg Gallery, was saved, and the loss to art is not so great as it might have been, although much fine old furniture was destroyed.

It is not generally known that on the return of the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale from his tour in India in 1890 he brought with him a very handsome pair of young tigers and two of the extremely rare Asiatic, or maneless, lion cubs. These he sent to the London Zoological Gardens, and they have



TIGER CUBS BROUGHT FROM INDIA BY THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

From Photographs by Mr. Gambler Bolton, F.R.S.

done very well in their new surroundings, the photographs which we reproduce this week having been taken soon after their arrival, and while they were in their outdoor enclosures in Regent's Park. They are taken from the series of "Studies of Animals from Life" made by Mr. Gambler Bolton, F.R.S., F.Z.S., and the photograph of the lion cub is particularly interesting, as the Asiatic lion is nearly extinct, and, with the exception of a few kept in cages by the Shah of Persia, hardly any now remain.

Among the things which they do not order better in France must be included the conduct of business in the Chamber of Deputies. Much as one may sympathise with a Minister who has been the object of the foulest abuse at the hands of a journalist and a Deputy, I am bound to say that in boxing M. Laur's ears at the sitting of Jan. 19, M. Constans managed to do the right thing in the wrong

place. It is all very well to say that the French Minister was smarting under provocation of no ordinary kind, and that M. Laur richly deserved the chastisement administered to him by M. Constans; but how are a country's affairs to be discussed and managed if such scenes as that witnessed on Jan. 19 in the Chamber of Deputies are to be repeated? And if they are not repeated, it is quite enough that they have taken place and are put on record to lower the tone and impair the dignity of the Chamber of Deputies.

Having done wrong in boxing M. Laur's ears during a sitting of the Chamber, M. Constans did right in declining to fight a duel with the fiery representative of posthumous Boulangerism. M. Laur has since declared that had M. Constans consented to fight he would have been killed, for M. Laur prides himself on being a dead shot. I think both champions should be congratulated, the one on being still alive and the other on not having to reproach himself with the death of his adversary.

M. Ribot also, by the way, ought to be congratulated on the settlement of the Chadourne affair, which, having begun in a somewhat dramatic manner and very nearly become ridiculous, has ended in a more dignified way than at one time seemed probable. Briefly stated, the matter has been settled by a Note in which the Bulgarian Government expressed its deep regret that the decree for the expulsion of M. Chadourne was not notified in writing to the French Consular authority, and declared that it was animated by the most sincere wish to maintain the best relations with the French Consular representative. The Note also practically laid down regulations as to the procedure to be followed in future should it be found necessary to expel a French citizen. The result is that M. Stamboulouff has got rid of the objectionable M. Chadourne, and M. Ribot of a disagreeable incident. All's well that ends well!

There is, however, an important fact to be noted in connection with this precious Chadourne affair, and that is the little support and encouragement M. Ribot received from St. Petersburg. Some may be inclined to think that it is rather unkind of the Russian politicians to have left their French friends in the lurch. I am not, I believe, on the contrary, that in allowing the French people to gauge the depth and extent of the official friendship of Russia towards them they have rendered a great service to France and to the peace of Europe.

The King and Queen of Württemberg arrived in Berlin on a visit to the German Emperor on Jan. 24, and were received at the railway station by their imperial host, surrounded by the German princes serving in the Guards and a brilliant staff. This visit is not devoid of political importance, and care was taken to emphasise the fact by a more than ordinary display of pomp on the occasion. Since his accession to the throne, this was the first time the King of Württemberg visited Berlin, and as the late King held somewhat aloof and manifested particularist tendencies, it has been thought advisable to give to the presence of the new Sovereign in the German capital the significance of an acknowledgment of his full allegiance to the supremacy of the Hohenzollern family.

A few days before the arrival of their Majesties of Württemberg the German Emperor left Berlin incognito for Kiel, where he arrived unexpectedly, called the garrison to arms, inspected the barracks, reviewed the troops, and witnessed the swearing-in of the marine recruits. The Emperor is very fond of thus surprising his troops, and by this means seeing for himself that they are in a high state of efficiency and readiness. But the idea is not new. It was practised with much success by a French military commander, Marshal de Castellane, in the early days of the Second Empire. The Marshal, who commanded the Lyons Military Division, used to give balls to which he invited the officers of the garrison, and during which he suddenly gave orders to sound a call to arms. Nothing delighted him more than to see the fair dancers left disconsolate in the midst of the black coats of the civil element, while their brilliant partners hurried off to barracks.

Wonders will never cease. We are now told that Prince Bismarck has forsaken politics and thinks of nothing but music and the drama. Fancy the Iron Chancellor turned into a "first-nighter"! Incredible as it may be, we have his word for it that politics no longer interest him. A few days ago he said to a deputation of Leipzig students come to present him with a diploma as member of a dramatic society in their university: "Politics have become a matter of complete indifference to me. I no longer trouble myself about them." And he went on to compare himself to a traveller lost in the snow, and sinking down as the snowflakes cover him. I cannot think why this poetical image reminds me of a fable in which something is said about a fox and sour grapes.

Very sad accounts of the famine in Russia are still coming to hand. As I have had occasion to point out before, in addition to the distress caused by the want of food, the untrustworthiness of some of those whose duty it was to relieve the penants has been the cause of great misery to them. To such a pass had things come, that to prevent civil officials from embezzling the money they receive to be distributed to the victims of the famine, the Imperial Government has decided

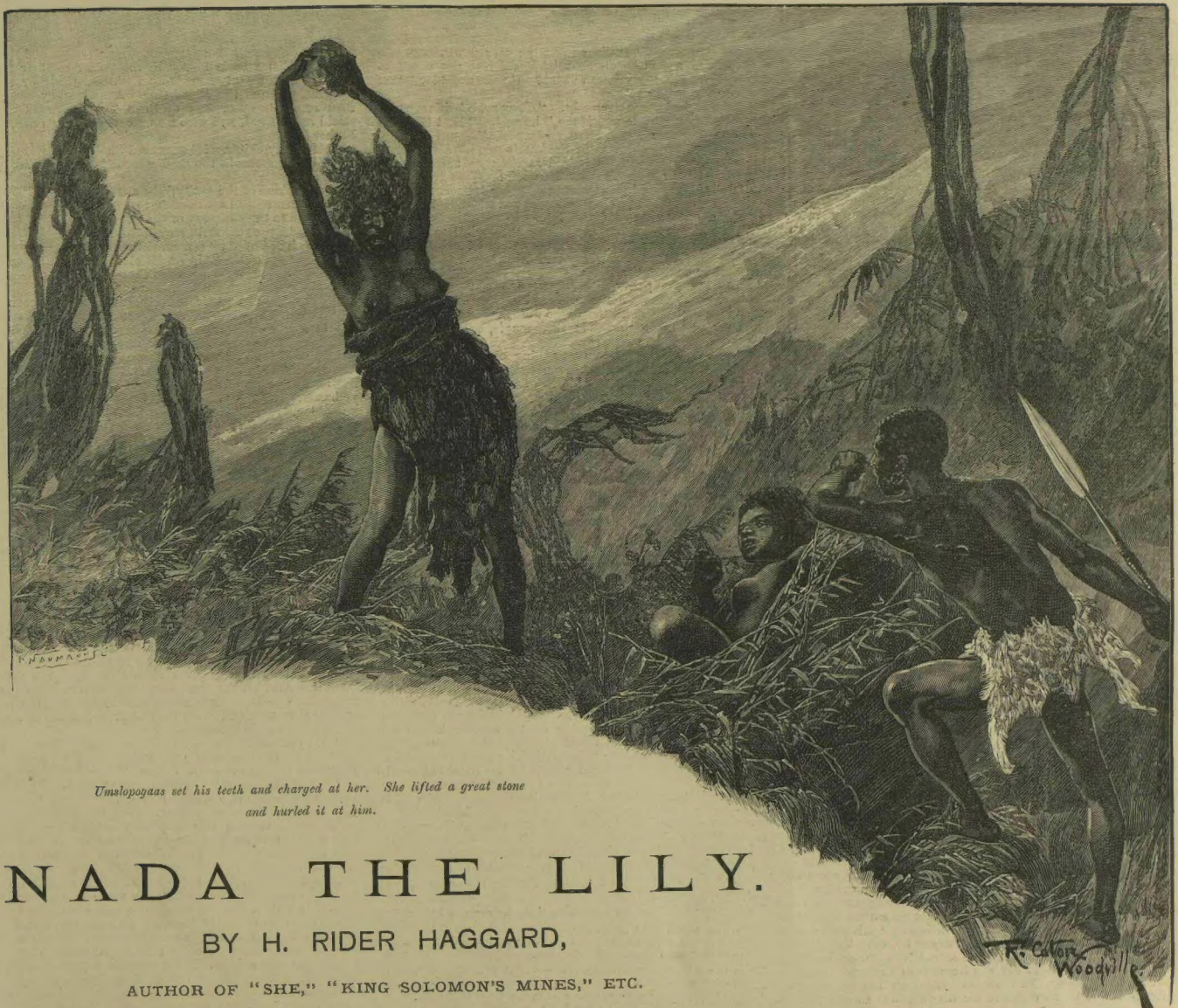
to intrust military officers with the distribution of some of the relief funds. Besides, as speculators are amassing large stores of corn in the eastern governments of the empire, the Mayor of Moscow, M. Alexejeff, has been commissioned to visit those districts and to purchase corn to the value of 15,000,000 roubles. M. Alexejeff is empowered to confiscate the grain should the speculators refuse to sell it at a reasonable price. These two facts, I think, need no comment.

The Morocco question, which, as Lord Salisbury said on May 20 of last year at Glasgow, is likely to be a source of danger to Europe at some future time, very nearly developed into a serious matter. Troubles were feared, and several European Powers had sent war-ships to protect their subjects. Order has been re-established by the appointment of a new Governor of Tangier, and European diplomacy will not be called upon to arrange matters, for which let us be thankful. X.



HAMLET: What! frighted with false fire?
QUEEN: How fares my lord?
POLONIUS: Give o'er the play.
KING: Give me some light!—away!

MR. BEERBOHM TREE IN "HAMLET," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.



Umslopogaas set his teeth and charged at her. She lifted a great stone and hurled it at him.

NADA THE LILY.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

UMSLOPOGAAS ANSWERS THE KING.

Now, the years went on, and this matter slept. Nothing more was heard of it, but still it only slept; and, my father, I feared greatly for the hour when it should awake. For the secret was known by two women—Unandi, Mother of the Heavens, and Baleka, my sister, wife of the king; and by two more—Macropha and Anadi, my wives—it was guessed at. How, then, should it remain a secret for ever? Moreover, this came about: that Unandi and Baleka could not restrain their fondness for that child who was called my son and named Umslopogaas, but who was the son of Chaka, the king, and of Baleka, and the grandson of Unandi. So it happened that very often one or the other of them would come into my hut, making pretence to visit my wives, and take the boy upon her lap and fondle it. In vain did I pray them to forbear. Love pulled at their heartstrings more heavily than my words, and still they came. This was the end of it—that Chaka saw the child sitting on the knee of Unandi, his mother.

"What does my mother with that brat of thine, Mopo?" he asked of me. "Cannot she kiss me, if she will find a child to kiss?" And he laughed like a wolf.

I said that I did not know, and the matter passed over for a while. But after that Chaka caused his mother to be watched. Now, the boy Umslopogaas grew great and strong; there was no such lad of his years for a day's journey round. But from a babe he was somewhat surly, of few words, and, like his father, Chaka, afraid of nothing. In all the world there were but two people whom he loved—these were I, Mopo, who was called his father, and Nada, she who was said to be his twin sister. Now, of Nada it must be told that as the boy Umslopogaas was the strongest and bravest of children, so the girl Nada was the gentlest and the most fair. Of a truth, my father, I believe that her blood was not all Zulu, though this I cannot say for certain. At the least, her eyes were softer and larger than those of our people, her hair longer and less tightly curled, and her skin was lighter—more of the colour of pure copper. These things she had from her mother, Macropha; though she was fairer than Macropha—fairer, indeed, than any woman of my people that I have seen. Of her mother, Macropha, there is this to tell: She was of Swazi blood, and was brought to the king's kraal with captives after a raid, and given to me as a wife by the king. It was said that she was the daughter of a Swazi headman of the tribe of the Halakazi, and that she was born of his wife is true, but whether he was her father I do not know: for I have heard from the lips of Macropha herself that before she was born there was a white man staying at her father's kraal. He was a Portuguese from the coast, a handsome man, and skilled in the working of iron. This white man loved the mother of my wife Macropha, and some held that Macropha was his daughter, and not that of the Swazi headman. At

least, I know this, that before my wife's birth the Swazi killed the white man. But none can tell the truth of these matters, and I only speak of them because the beauty of Nada was rather as the beauty of the white people than of ours, and this well might be so if her grandfather were a white man.

Now, Umslopogaas and Nada were always together. Together they ate, together they slept and wandered: they thought one thought and spoke with one tongue. *Ou!* it was pretty to see them! Twice while they were children did Umslopogaas save the life of Nada.

The first time it came about thus. The two children had wandered far from the kraal, seeking certain berries that little ones love. On they wandered and on, singing as they went, till at length they found the berries, and ate heartily. Then it was near sundown, and when they had eaten they fell asleep. In the night they woke to find a great wind blowing and a cold rain falling on them, for it was the beginning of winter, when fruits are ripe.

"Up, Nada!" said Umslopogaas, "we must seek the kraal or the cold will kill us."

So Nada rose, frightened, and hand in hand they stumbled through the darkness. But in the wind and the night they lost their path, and when at length the dawn came they were in a forest that was strange to them. They rested a while, and finding berries ate them, then walked again. All that day they wandered, till at last the night came down, and they plucked branches of trees and piled the branches over them for warmth, and they were so weary that they fell asleep in each other's arms. At dawn they rose, but now they were very tired and berries were few, so that by midday they were spent. Then they lay down on the side of a steep hill, and Nada laid her head upon the breast of Umslopogaas.

"Here let us die, my brother," she said.

But even then the boy had a great spirit, and he answered, "Time to die, sister, when Death chooses us. See, now! Do you rest here, and I will climb the hill and look across the forest."

So he left her and climbed the hill, and on its side he found many berries and a root that is good for food, and got his strength again. At length he came to the crest of the hill and looked out across the sea of green. Lo! there, far away to the east, he saw a line of white that lay like smoke against the black surface of a cliff, and knew it for the waterfall beyond the royal town. Then he came down the hill, shouting for joy and bearing roots and berries in his hand. But when he reached the spot where Nada was, he found that her senses had left her through hunger, cold, and weariness. She lay upon the ground like one asleep, and over her stood a jackal, that fled as he drew nigh. Now, it would seem that there were but two shoots to the stick of Umslopogaas. One was to save himself, and the other to lie down and die by Nada. Yet he found a third, for, undoing the strips of his moocha, he made ropes of

it, and with the ropes he bound Nada upon his back and started for the king's kraal. Never might he have come there, for the way was long, yet at evening some messengers running through the forest came upon a naked lad with a girl bound to his back and a staff in his hand, who staggered along slowly with starting eyes and foam upon his lips. He could not speak, he was so weary, and the ropes had cut through the skin of his shoulders; yet one of the messengers knew him for Umslopogaas, the son of Mopo, and they bore him to the kraal. The girl Nada they would have left, thinking her dead, but he pointed to her breast, and, feeling it, they found that her heart still beat, so they brought her also; and the end of it was that both recovered and loved each other more than ever before.

Now, after this, I, Mopo, bade Umslopogaas stay at home within the kraal, and not lead his sister to the wilds. But the boy loved roaming like a fox, and where he went there Nada followed. So it came about that one day they slipped from the kraal when the gates were open, and sought out a certain deep glen that had an evil name, for it was said that spirits haunted it and put those to death who entered there. Whether this was true I do not know, but I know this—that in the glen dwelt a certain woman of the woods, who had her habitation in a cave and lived upon what she could kill or steal or dig up with her hands. Now, this woman was mad. For it had chanced that her husband had been "smelt out" by the witch-doctors as a worker of magic against the king and slain. Then Chaka, according to custom, dispatched the slayers to eat up his kraal, and they came to the kraal and killed his people. Last of all they killed his children, three young girls, and would have assailed their mother, his wife, when suddenly a spirit entered into her at the sight, and she went mad, so that they let her go, being afraid to touch her because of the spirit within her, nor would any touch her afterwards. So she fled and took up her abode in the haunted glen; and this was the nature of her madness: that whenever she saw children, and more especially girl children, a longing came upon her to slay them as her own had been slain. This, indeed, she did often, for when the moon was full and her madness at its highest she would travel far to find children, snatching them away from the kraals like a hyena. Still, none would touch her because of the spirit in her, nor even those whose children she had murdered.

So Umslopogaas and Nada came to the glen where the child-slayer lived, and sat down by a pool of water not far from the mouth of her cave, weaving flowers into a garland. Presently Umslopogaas left Nada, to search out more flowers of a certain sort. As he went he called back to her, and his voice awoke the woman who was sleeping in her cave, for she came out by night only, like a jackal. Then the woman stepped forth, smelling blood and having a spear in her hand. Presently she saw Nada seated upon the grass weaving flowers, and crept towards her to kill her. Now, as she came—so the child told me—suddenly a cold wind seemed to breathe upon

Nada, and fear took hold of her, though she did not see the woman who must murder her. She let fall the flowers, and looked before her into the pool, and there, mirrored in the pool, she saw the greedy face of the child-slayer, who crept down upon her from above, her hair hanging about her brow and her eyes shining like the eyes of a lion.

Then with a cry Nada sprang up and fled along the path which Umslopogana had taken, and after her leapt and ran the mad woman. Umslopogana heard her cry. He turned and rushed back over the brow of the hill, and, lo! there before him was the murderess. Already she had grasped Nada by the hair, already her spear was lifted to pierce her. Umslopogana had no spear, he had nothing but a little stick without a knob; yet with it he rushed at her and struck her so smartly on the arm that she let go the girl and turned on him with a yell. Then, lifting her spear, she struck at him, but he leapt aside. Again she struck; but he sprang into the air, and the spear passed beneath him. A third time she struck, and, though he fell to the earth to avoid the blow, yet the assegai pierced his shoulder. But the weight of his body as he fell twisted it from her hand, and before she could grasp him he was up, and beyond her reach, the spear yet fast in his shoulder. Then the woman turned, screaming with rage and madness, and rushed at Nada to kill her with her hands. But Umslopogana set his teeth, and, drawing the spear from his wound, charged at her shouting. She lifted a great stone and hurled it at him—so hard that it flew into fragments against another stone which it struck; yet he charged on, and smote at her so truly that he drove the spear through her, and she fell down dead. After that, Nada bound up his wound, which was deep, and with much pain he reached the king's kraal and told me this story.

Now, there were some who cried that the boy must be put to death, because he had killed one possessed with a spirit. But I said no, he should not be touched. He had killed the woman in defence of his own life and the life of his sister; and everyone had a right to slay in self-defence, except as against the king or those who did the king's bidding. Moreover, I said, if the woman had a spirit, it was an evil one, for no good spirit would ask the lives of children, but rather those of cattle, for it is against our custom to sacrifice human beings to the *Anatonga* even in war. Still, the tumult grew, for the witch-doctors were set upon the boy's death, saying that evil would come of it if he was allowed to live, having killed one inspired, and at last the matter came to the ears of the king. Then Chaka summoned me and the boy before him, and the witch-doctors he also summoned.

First, the witch-doctors set out their case, demanding the boy's death. Chaka asked them what would happen if the boy were not killed. They answered that the spirit of the dead woman would lead him to bring evil on the royal house. Chaka asked if he would bring evil upon him, the king. They in turn asked of the spirits, and answered no, not on him, but on one of the royal house who should be after him. Chaka said that he cared little what happened to those who came after him, or whether good or evil befell them. Then he spoke to Umslopogana, who looked him boldly in the face, as an equal looks at an equal.

"Boy," he said, "what hast thou to say as to why thou shouldst not be killed as these men demand?"

"This, Black One," answered Umslopogana; "that I slew the woman in defence of my own life."

"That is nothing," said Chaka. "If I, the king, wished to kill thee, mightest thou therefore kill me or those whom I sent? The *Ingobo* in the woman was a Spirit King and ordered her to kill thee; thou shouldst then have let thyself be killed. Hast thou no other reason?"

"This, Elephant," answered Umslopogana; "the woman would have killed my sister, whom I love better than my life."

"That is nothing," said Chaka. "If I ordered thee to be killed for any cause, should I not also order all within thy gates to be killed with thee? May not, then, a Spirit King do likewise? If thou hast nothing more to say thou must die."

Now my heart was afraid, for I feared lest Chaka should slay him who was called my son because of the word of the doctors. But the boy Umslopogana looked up and answered boldly, not as one who pleads for his life, but as one who demands a right—

"I have this to say, Enter-up-of-Enemies, and if it is not enough, let us stop talking, and let me be killed. Thou, O King, didst command that this woman should be slain. Those whom thou didst send to slay her spared her, because they thought her mad. I have carried out the commandment of the king; I have slain her, mad or sane, whom the king commanded should be killed, and I have earned not death, but a reward."

"Well said, Umslopogana!" answered Chaka. "Let ten head of cattle be given to this boy with the heart of a man; his father shall guard them for him. Art thou satisfied now, Umslopogana?"

"I take that which is due to me, and I thank the king because he need not pay unless he will," he answered.

Chaka stared a while, began to grow angry, then burst out laughing.

"Why, this calf is such another one as was dropped long ago in the kraal of Senzanagana!" he said. "As I was, so is this boy. Go on, lad, in that path, and thou mayst find those who shall cry the royal salute of *Bayite* to thee at the end of it. Only keep out of my way, for two of a kind might not agree. Now begone!"

So we went, but as we went I saw the doctors muttering together, for they were ill-pleased and foreboded evil. Also they were jealous of me, and wished to smite me through the heart of him who was called my son.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INGOBOCO.

After this there was quiet till the Feast of the First-fruits was ended. But few people were slain at this feast, though there was a great *Ingoboco*, or witch-hunt, and many were smelt out by the witch-doctors as working magic against the king. Now, things had come to this pass in Zululand—that the whole people cowered before the witch-doctors. No man might sleep safe, for none knew but that on the morrow he would be touched by the wand of an *Isanusi*, as we name a finder of witches, and led away to his death. For a while Chaka said nothing, and so long as the doctors smelt out those only whom he wished to slay—and they were many—he was well pleased. But when they began to work for their own ends, and to do those to death whom he did not desire to kill, he grew angry. Yet the custom of the land was that he whom the witch-doctor touched must die, he and all his house; therefore the king was in a cleft stick, for he scarcely dared to save even those whom he loved. One night I came to doctor him, for he was sick in his mind. On that very day there had been an *Ingoboco*, and five of the bravest captains of the army had been smelt out by the *Abangana*, the witch-finders, together with many others. All had been slain, and men had been sent to kill the wives and children of the dead. Now, Chaka was sore at heart about this slaying, and opened his breast to me.

"It is the witch-doctors who rule in Zululand, and not I, Mopo, son of Makedama," he said to me. "Where, then, is it to end? Shall I myself be smelt out and slain? These *Isanusi* are too strong for me; they lie upon the land like the shadow of night. Tell me, how may I be free of them?"

"Those who walk the Bridge of Spears, O King, fall off into the Nowhere," I answered darkly; "even witch-doctors cannot keep a footing on that bridge. Has not a witch-doctor a heart that can cease to beat? Has he not blood that can be made to flow?"

Chaka looked at me strangely. "Thou art a bold man who dardest to speak thus to me, Mopo," he said. "Dost thou not know that it is sacrilege to touch an *Isanusi*?"

"I speak that which is in the king's mind," I answered. "Hearken, O King! It is indeed sacrilege to touch a true *Isanusi*, but what if the *Isanusi* be a liar? What if he smelt out falsely, bringing those to death who are innocent of evil? Is it then sacrilege to bring him to that end which he has given to many another? Say, O King!"

"Good words!" answered Chaka. "Now tell me, son of Makedama, how may this matter be put to proof?"

Then I leaned forward, whispering into the ear of the Black One, and he nodded heavily.

Thus I spoke then, because I, too, saw the evil of the *Isanusi*, I who knew their secrets. Also, I feared for my own life and for the lives of all those who were dear to me. For they hated me as one instructed in their magic, one who had the seeing eye and the hearing ear.

One morning thereafter a new thing came to pass in the royal kraal, for the king himself ran out, crying aloud to all people to come and see the evil that had been worked upon him by a wizard. They came together and saw this. On the doorposts of the gateway of the *Intunkulu*, the house of the king, were great smeas of blood. The knees of men strong in battle trembled when they saw it: women wailed aloud as they wail over the dead; they wailed because of the horror of the omen.

"Who has done this thing?" cried Chaka, in a terrible voice. "Who has dared to bewitch the king and to strike blood upon his house?"

There was no answer, and Chaka spoke again. "This is no little matter," he said, "to be washed away with the blood of one or two and be forgotten. The man who wrought it shall not die alone or travel with a few to the world of spirits. All his tribe shall go with him, down to the baby in his hut and the cattle in his kraal! Let messengers go out east and west, and north and south, and summon the witch-doctors from every quarter! Let them summon the captains from every regiment and the headmen from every kraal! On the tenth day from now the circle of the *Ingoboco* shall be set, and there shall be such a smelling out of wizards and of witches as has not been known in Zululand!"

So the messengers went out to do the bidding of the king, taking the names of those who should be summoned from the lips of the indunas, and day by day people flocked up to the gates of the royal kraal, and, creeping on their knees before the majesty of the king, praised him aloud. But to none did he vouchsafe an answer. One noble only he caused to be slain, because he carried in his hand a stick of the royal red wood, which Chaka himself had given him in bygone years.

On the last night before the forming of the *Ingoboco*, the witch-doctors, male and female, entered the kraal. There were a hundred and half a hundred of them, and they were made hideous and terrible with the white bones of men, with bladders of fish and of oxen, with fat of wizards, and with skins of snakes. They walked in silence till they came in front of the *Intunkulu*, the royal house; then they stopped and sang this song for the king to hear—

We have come, O King, we have come from the caves and the rocks,
And the swamps,
To wash in the blood of the slain;
We have gathered our host from the air as vultures are gathered in war
When they scent the blood of the slain.

We come not alone, O King; with each Wise One there passes a ghost,
Who hieses the name of the doomed.
We come not alone, for we are the sons and indunas of Death,
And he guides our feet to the doomed.

Red rises the moon o'er the plain, red sinks the sun in the west,
Look, wizards, and bid them farewell!
We count you by hundreds who cried for a curse on the king,
Ha! soon we'll bid you farewell!

Then they were silent, and went in silence to the place appointed for them, there to pass the night in mutterings and magic. But those who were gathered together shivered with fear when they heard their words, for they knew well that many a man would be switched with the gun's tail before the sun sank once more. And I too shivered, for my heart was full of fear. Ah! my father, those were evil days to live in when Chaka ruled, and death met us at every turn! Then no man might call his life his own, or that of his wife or child, or anything. All were the king's, and what war spared that the witch-doctors took.

The morning dawned heavily, and before it was well light the heralds went out summoning all to the king's *Ingoboco*. Men came by hundreds, carrying a short stick only—for to be seen armed was death—and seated themselves in the great circle before the gates of the royal house. Oh! their looks were sad, and they had little stomach for eating that morning; they who were food for death. They seated themselves; then round them on the outside of the circle gathered knots of warriors, chosen men, great and fierce, armed with kerries only. These were the slayers.

When all was ready, the king came forth, followed by his indunas and by me. As he appeared, wrapped in his kaross of tiger-skins and towering a head higher than any man there, all the multitude—and it was many as the game on the hills—cast themselves to earth, and from every lip sharp and sudden went up the royal salute of *Bayite*. But Chaka took no note; his brow was cloudy as a mountain top. He cast one glance at the people and one at the slayers, and wherever his eye fell men turned grey with fear. Then he stalked on, and sat himself upon a stool to the north of the great ring looking toward the open space.

For a while there was silence; then from the gates of the women's quarters came a band of maidens arrayed in their beaded dancing dresses, and carrying green branches in their hands. As they came, they clapped their hands and sang softly—

We are the heralds of the king's feast. Ai! Ai!
Vultures shall eat it. Ah! Ah!
It is good—it is good to die for the king!

They ceased, and ranged themselves in a body behind us. Then Chaka held up his hand, and there was a patter of running feet. Presently, from behind the royal huts appeared the great company of the *Abangana*, the witch-doctors—men to the right and women to the left. In the left hand of each was the tail of a volderbeeste, in the right a bundle of assegais and a little shield. They were awful to see, and the bones about them rattled as they ran, the bladders and the snake-skins floated in the air behind them, their faces shone with the fat of anointing, their eyes started like the eyes of fishes, and their lips twitched hungrily as they glared round the death-

ring. Ha! ha! Little did those evil children guess who should be the slayers and who should be the slain before that sun sank! For all their wisdom, the future was dark to them, their fierce eyes could not pierce its shadow, else they had run less eagerly through the bright light of the morning toward the night where men sleep sound.

On they came, like a grey company of the dead! On they came in silence broken only by the patter of their feet and the dry rattling of their bony necklets, till they stood in long ranks before the Black One. A while they stood thus, then suddenly every one of them thrust forward the little shield in his hand, and with a single voice they cried, "Hail, Father!"

"Hail, my children!" answered Chaka.

"What seekest thou, Father?" they cried again.

"Blood?"

"The blood of the guilty," he answered.

They turned and spoke each to each; the company of the men spoke to the company of the women.

"The Lion of the Zulu seeks blood."

"He shall be fed!" screamed the women.

"The Lion of the Zulu smells blood."

"He shall see it!" screamed the women.

"His eyes search out the wizards."

"He shall count their dead!" screamed the women.

"Peace!" cried Chaka. "Waste not the hours in talk, but to the work. Hearken! Wizards have bewitched me! Wizards have dared to smite blood upon the gateways of the king. Dig in the burrows of the earth and find them, ye rats! Fly through the paths of the air and find them, ye vultures! Smell at the gates of the people and name them, ye jackals! ye hunters in the night! Drag them from the caves if they be hidden, from the distance if they be fled, from the graves if they be dead. To the work! to the work! Show them to me truly, and your gifts shall be great; and for them, if they be a nation, they shall be slain. Now begin. Begin by companies of ten, for you are many, and all must be finished ere the sun sink."

"It shall be finished, Father," they answered.

Then ten of the women stood forward, and at their head was the most famous witch-doctor of that day—an aged woman named Nobela, a woman to whose eyes the darkness was no veil, whose scent was keen as a dog's, who heard the voices of the dead as they cried in the night, and spoke truly of what she heard. All the other *Isanusi*, male and female, sat down in a half-moon facing the king, but this woman drew forward, and with her came nine of her sisterhood. They turned east and west, north and south, searching the heavens; they turned east and west, north and south, searching the earth; they turned east and west, north and south, searching the hearts of men. Then they crept round and round the great ring like cats, then they threw themselves upon the earth and smelt it. And all the time there was silence, silence deep as midnight, and in it men hearkened to the beating of their hearts; only now and again the vultures shrieked in the trees.

At length Nobela spoke—

"Do you smell him, sisters?"

"We smell him," they answered.

"Does he sit in the east, sisters?"

"He sits in the east," they answered.

"Is he the son of a stranger, sisters?"

"He is the son of a stranger,"

Then they crept nearer, crept on their hands and knees, till they were within ten paces of where I sat among the indunas near to the king. The indunas looked on each other and grew grey with fear; and for me, my father, my knees were loosened and my marrow turned to water in my bones. For I knew well who was that son of a stranger of whom they spoke. It was I, my father, I who was about to be smelt out; and if I was smelt out, I should be slain with all my house, for the king's oath would scarcely avail me against the witch-doctors. I looked on the fierce faces of the *Isanusi* before me, as they crept, crept like snakes. I glanced behind and saw the slayers grasping their kerries for the deed of death, and I say I felt like one for whom the bitterness is overpast. Then I remembered the words which the king and I had whispered together of the cause for which this *Ingoboco* was set, and hope crept back to me like the first gleam of the dawn upon a stormy night. Still I hoped not overmuch, for it well might happen that the king had but set a trap to catch me.

Now they were quite near and halted.

"Have we dreamed falsely, sisters?" asked Nobela the aged.

"What we dreamed in the night we see in the day," they answered.

"Shall I whisper his name in your ears, sisters?"

They lifted their heads from the ground like snakes and nodded, and as they nodded the necklets of bones rattled on their skinny necks. Then they drew their heads to a circle, and Nobela thrust hers into the centre of the circle and said a word.

"Ha! ha!" they laughed, "we hear you! His is the name. Let him be named by it in the face of Heaven, he and all his house; then let him hear no other name for ever!"

And suddenly they sprang up and rushed towards me, Nobela, the aged *Isanusi*, at their head. They rushed at me, pointing to me with the tails of the volderbeestes in their hands. Then Nobela switched me in the face with the tail of the beast, and cried aloud—

"Greeting, Mopo, son of Makedama! Thou art the man who smotest blood on the doorposts of the king to bewitch the king. Let thy house be stamped flat!"

I saw it all, I felt the blow on my face as a man feels in a dream. I heard the feet of the slayers as they bounded forward to hale me to the dreadful death, but my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth—I could not say a word. I glanced at the king, and, as I did so, I thought that I heard him mutter: "Near the mark, not in it."

Then he heark, not in it. The slayers stopped in their stride, the witch-doctors stood with outstretched arms, the world of men was as though it had been frozen into sleep.

"Hold!" he said. "Stand aside, son of Makedama, who art named an evildoer! Stand aside, thou, Nobela, and those with thee who have named him evildoer! What? Shall I be satisfied with the life of one dog? Smell on, ye vultures, company by company, smell on! For the day the labour, at night the feast!"

So I rose, astonished, and stood on one side. The witch-doctoresses also stood on one side, smitten with wonder, since no such smelling out as this had been seen in the land. For till this hour, when a man was swept with the gun-tail of the *Isanusi* that was the instant of his death. Why, then, men asked in their hearts, was the death delayed? The witch-doctors asked it also, and looked to the king for light, as men look to a thunder-cloud for the flash. But from the Black One there came no word.

So we stood on one side, and a second party of the *Isanusi* women began their rites. As the others had done, so they did, and yet they worked otherwise, for this is the fashion of the *Isanusi*, that no two of them smelt out in the same way. And

this party swept the faces of certain of the king's councillors, naming them guilty of the witch-work.

"Stand ye on one side!" said the king to those who had been smelt out: "and ye who have hunted out their wickedness, stand ye with those who named Mopo, son of Makedama. It will may be that all are guilty."

So these stood on one side also, and a third party took up the tale. And they named certain of the great generals, and were in turn bidden to stand on one side together with those whom they had named.

So it went on through all that day. Company by company the women doomed their victims, till there were no more left of their number, and were commanded to stand aside together with those whom they had doomed. Then the male Isanusi began, and I could see well that by this time their hearts were fearful, for they smelt a snare. Yet the king's bidding must be done, and though their magic failed them here, victims must be found. So they smelt out this man and that man till we were a great company of the doomed, who sat in silence on the ground looking on each other with fearful eyes and watching the sun, which we deemed our last, climb slowly down the sky. And ever as the day waned those who were left untried of the witch-doctors grew madder and more fierce. They

and all looked to see this fool slain by torture. But Chaka rose and laughed aloud.

"Thou hast said it," he cried, "and thou alone! Listen, ye people! I did the deed! I smote blood upon the gateways of my kraal; with my own hand I smote it, that I might learn who were the true doctors and who were the false! Now, it seems that in the land of the Zulu there is one true doctor—this young man—and of the false, look on them and count them, they are like the leaves. See! there they stand, and by them stand those whom they have doomed—the innocent whom, with their wives and children, they have doomed to the death of the dog. Now, I ask you, my people, what reward shall be given to them?"

Then a great roar went up from all the multitude—"Let them die, O King!"

"Ay!" he answered. "Let them die as liars should!" Now the Isanusi, men and women, screamed aloud in fear, and cried for mercy, tearing themselves with their nails, for least of all things did they desire to taste of their own medicine of death. But the king only laughed the more.

"Hearken ye!" he said, pointing to the crowd of us who had been smelt out. "Ye were doomed to death by these false prophets. Now glut yourselves upon them. Slay them,

and the land breathes more freely; and for the evil that they have done, it is as yonder dust, that soon shall sink again to earth and there be lost."

Thus he spoke, then ceased—for, lo! something moved beneath the cloud of dust, something broke a way through the heap of the dead. Slowly it forced its path, pushing the slain this way and that, till at length it stood upon its feet and tottered towards us—a thing dreadful to look on. The shape was the shape of an aged woman, and even through the blood and mire I knew her. It was Nobela, she who had doomed me, she whom but now I had smitten to earth, but who had come back from the dead to curse me!

On she tottered, her apparel hanging round her in red rags, a hundred wounds upon her face and form. She was dying, that I saw: but life still flickered in her, and the fire of hate yet burned in her snaky eyes.

"Hail, King!" she screamed.

"Peace!" he answered: "thou art dead!"

"Not yet, King. I heard thy voice and the voice of yonder dog, whom I would have given to the jackals, and I would not die till I had spoken. I smelt him out this morning when I was alive; now that I am as one already dead, I smelt him out again. He shall bewitch thee with blood indeed, Chaka—he and Unandi, thy mother, and Baleka, thy wife. Think of my words when the assegai reddens before thee for the last time, King! Farewell!" And she gave one great cry and rolled upon the ground dead.

"The witch lies hard and dies hard," said the king curiously, and turned upon his heel. But those words of death Nobela remained fixed in his breast, or so much of them as had



"Thou hast said it," he cried, "and thou alone! Listen, ye people! I did the deed!"

leaped into the air, they ground their teeth, and rolled upon the ground. They drew forth snakes and devoured them alive, they shrieked out to the spirits and called upon the names of ancient kings.

At length it drew on to evening, and the last company of the witch-doctors did their work, smelling out some of the keepers of the *Emposeni*, the house of the women. But there was one man of their company, a young man and a tall, who held back and took no share in the work, but stood by himself in the centre of the great circle, fixing his eyes on the heavens.

And when this company had been also ordered to stand aside together with those whom they had smelt out, the king called aloud to the last of the witch-doctors, asking him of his name and tribe, and why he alone did not do his office.

"My name is Indabazimbi, the son of Arpi, O King," he answered, "and I am of the tribe of the Maqullisimi. Does the king bid me to smell out him of whom the spirits have spoken to me as the worker of this deed?"

"I bid thee," said the king.

Then the young man Indabazimbi stepped straight forward across the ring, making no cries or gestures, but as one who walks from his gate to the cattle kraal, and suddenly he struck the king in the face with the tail in his hand, saying: "I smell out the *Heavens above me!*"

Now a great gasp of wonder went up from the multitude,

my children! slay them all! wipe them out! stamp them flat!—all! all, save this young man!"

Then we bounded from the ground, for our hearts were fierce with hate and with longing to avenge the terrors we had borne. We bounded from the ground, we hurled ourselves upon the crowd of the Isanusi like dogs upon a buck; we beat them down with our little sticks, we worried them with our hands, the devils who had doomed us and ours to the death of shame and fear! In vain they screamed and cursed and struggled; we slew them all. The doomed slew the dooms, while from the circle of the *Ingoniboko* a great roar of laughter went up, for the hearts of men were glad because the burden of the witch-doctors had fallen from them.

At last it was done, and we drew back from the heap of the dead. Nothing was heard there now—no more cries or prayers or curses. They had all travelled the path on which they had set the feet of many. The king drew near to look. Alone he came, and all who had done his bidding bent their heads and crept past him, praising him as they went. Only I stood still, covered, as I was, with mire and filth, for I did not fear to stand in the presence of the king. Chaka drew near, and looked on the piled-up heaps of the slain and the cloud of dust that yet hung over them.

"There they lie, Mopo," he said. "There lie those who dared to prophesy falsely to the king! That was a good word of thine, Mopo, which taught me to set the snare for them; yet methought I saw thee start when Nobela, queen of the witch-doctoresses, switched death on thee. Well, they are

been spoken of Unandi and Baleka. There they remained like a seed in the earth, there they grew to bring forth fruit in their season.

And thus ended the great *Ingoniboko* of Chaka, the greatest *Ingoniboko* that ever was held in Zululand.

(To be continued.)

Canada does not apparently find it an easy matter to secure unaided the fast mail service with England which is needed to complete the chain of imperial communications with the East and Australasia. The Dominion Parliament has voted £100,000 for the proposed services between England and Canada and Canada and Australasia, but no arrangement has as yet been come to for the conduct of the services. The Imperial Government is now being approached by the Dominion authorities in the hope that the new steamers may be subsidised by the British Treasury as are the Canadian-Pacific mail steamers to China and Japan, and be made available as armed cruisers in the North Atlantic and South Pacific.

A new clock has been recently erected in the clock tower at Preston Park, Brighton. It was supplied by the well-known firm of J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street. It shows the time upon four 3-ft. copper dials, painted white, with black figures and hands, and strikes the hours upon a bell weighing 4 cwt., and is fitted with brass wheels and bearings, hardened and tempered steel pinions, and rack-repeating striking work.

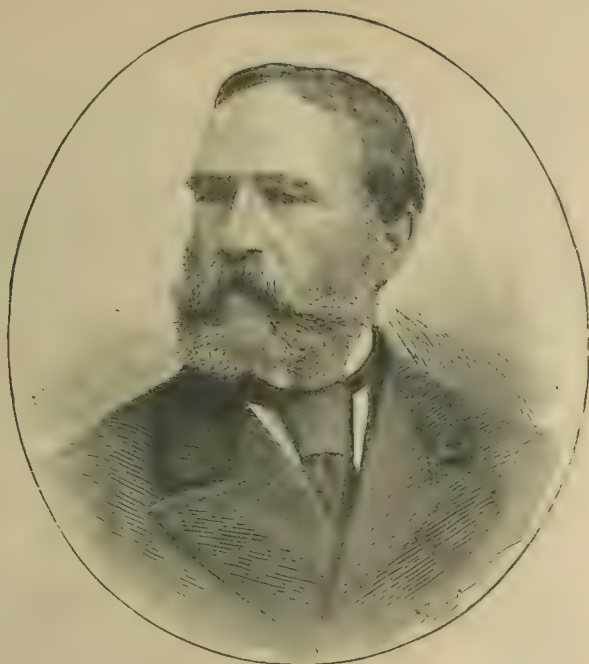


THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA: BEGGING FOR BREAD AT THE MAYOR'S HOUSE, NEAR SIMBIRSK.

FROM A SKETCH BY A RUSSIAN OFFICER.



SIR HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF, G.C.B., THE NEW AMBASSADOR TO SPAIN.



SIR FRANCIS CLARE FORD, G.C.B., THE NEW AMBASSADOR TO TURKEY.

THE NEW AMBASSADORS TO TURKEY AND SPAIN.

The death of Sir William White having left vacant the British Embassy at Constantinople, Lord Salisbury has appointed to that important place an experienced member of the Diplomatic Service, hitherto rendering useful service at Madrid. Sir Francis Clare Ford is, we believe, much esteemed by all in Spain, and has perhaps an hereditary recommendation thereby "Ford's Handbook." He began life in the 4th Dragoons, but turned to diplomatic business in 1852, and was attaché successively at Naples, Karlsruhe, and Vienna until 1865, when he undertook the mission to Buenos Ayres. Subsequently he was Chargé-d'Affaires at Washington, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Carls-

ruhe, and Darmstadt. From 1875 to 1877 he was her Majesty's agent in the Commission under the Treaty of Washington, which resulted in an award of compensation to be paid by the British Government. Sir Clare Ford then became Minister to the Argentine Republic, since which he has represented her Majesty at the Courts of the late Emperor of Brazil, the King of the Hellenes, and the King of Spain. He was the British Commissioner at Paris on the Newfoundland Fisheries Question; conducted the negotiations at Madrid in regard to the Anglo-Spanish Commercial Convention; and in 1887 was raised to the rank of Ambassador to the Spanish Court.

The successor of Sir Clare Ford at Madrid is one long well known in English public life as an active Parliamentary politician, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, M.P. for Christchurch, and subsequently for Portsmouth from 1874 to 1885, in those

years associated with Mr. Balfour and the independent Conservative "Fourth Party" in opposition to Mr. Gladstone. He is a son of that learned and adventurous missionary clergyman the late Rev. Dr. Wolff, whose travels in Bakhara, attended with many perils, excited much public interest at the time. Entering the Foreign Office as a clerk in 1846, he became, in 1852, the acting Chargé-d'Affaires at Florence; was assistant secretary to the Earl of Malmesbury, when Foreign Secretary, in 1858; and performed good service in 1878 as representative of Great Britain on the European Commission for organising Eastern Roumelia. In 1885 the Government availed themselves of his knowledge of Eastern affairs on a special mission to the Sultan. When he lost his seat in Parliament, Sir Henry was employed for two years as Minister to the Court of Persia, and in 1891 was transferred to Bucharest.



FUNERAL OF CARDINAL MANNING AT KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY: THE BENEDICTION.



THE EARLY LIFE OF CARDINAL MANNING: SKETCHES AROUND LAVINGTON, SUSSEX.

LITERATURE.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

BY J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

For thirty years past "Bartlett" has been cherished by many in the service of literature and out of it as something combining the virtues of a well-read companion, a dictionary with interpretations from the best authors, and an anthology whose necessary quality of scrappiness is compensated by its suggestiveness. When the index failed, as not seldom it would, to respond to the demand made on its resources, one found fault less with the compiler than with oneself, who had failed to procure the greatly amplified edition whose existence in its native land was assumed; and when this new volume of noble proportions presented itself, one felt that it must be so exhaustive as to prove sovereign for the ills incident to a bad memory. A brief examination was sufficient to dissipate any such illusion. The new book is much larger, but little better than the old, and forces one to recall and adapt a complement—backneyed enough, yet unknown alike to new and old edition—

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make book better be.

One has here a sad case of arrested development. The early editions were better than anything of their kind which had gone before; that of 1869 had shown not merely promise, but substantial performance. The work was evidently that of a man of taste and judgment, whose selecting pencil had been guided by reflection as well as by recollection. The degree of completeness possible to such a work was being gradually approached, of surplusage there was only a pardonable allowance, and all men were grateful, and not merely with the cynic's gratitude.

The event, unhappily, proves how little occasion there was for gratitude of this expectant kind, for though in quantity the book has been doubled in the two-and-twenty years, the net value of the added half is of the slenderest. A few pages from Browning and Landor (both forgotten in 1869), a few additional extracts from Tennyson (none later than 1859!), a few items added to the collections from other authors, and a quantity of translations from the Greek and Latin classics (unaccompanied by the original text) are the only useful accretions. But the trying thing is the considerable amount of space wasted, and worse than wasted, on the works of obscure versifiers, mainly American, which tends to give a parochial air to the whole. Some of the lions of American literature are treated unworthily. Lowell's eight pages are not, perhaps, too many, but are disproportionate, and given to the wrong extracts. Only two come from "The Biglow Papers," but one of these being from the first series, while the "Fable for Critics" yields just one couplet! Much of the remaining six pages deserves to be in familiar use, no doubt, but, as a matter of fact, is not. Nor is Dr. Holmes more fortunate. Here is not a line from "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," not even from its bright particular star, "Iris, her Book"; not a line from some of the delightful and oft-quoted pieces in which the author surely has been "as funny as he can," such as "Portrait of a Lady," "Portrait of a Gentleman," and "Daily Trials." Nathaniel Hawthorne's name does not appear in the index, nor Hans Breitmann's, nor Artemus Ward's! Bret Harte gets seven lines, all from the "Heathen Chinee," but not even a sprig of "pusley" has been culled from Mr. Dudley Warner's "Summer Garden." These neglected ones, too, have doubtless compeers born, like themselves, to blush unseen in this unpatriotic *hortus siccus*, crowded out by the twitterers and twaddlers who say the "undisputed thing in such a solemn way."

Under such a dispensation can the shade of Dickens complain of his narrow plot of ground?—just twenty lines, which include six from that immortal lyric "The Ivy Green," and nothing at all from "Martin Chuzzlewit"? Charles Jeffreys, whose name may yet be faintly remembered by ladies who "sang a little" thirty or forty years ago, has also his twenty lines. Matthew Arnold, whose prose and verse alike bristle with "quotations" worth quoting, is exhausted in twenty-two. Truly, some modern kings of thought are dumb for Mr. Bartlett! We are favoured with five pages of Daniel Webster's Corinthian prose, but with not a line from Cobbett or from John Bright. George Linley's inanities are cruelly paraded over a whole page, but the book contains not a word from Coventry Patmore, or Dante Rossetti, or his sister, or William Morris, or Mr. Swinburne! And so on. The selection from modern literature was probably not made primarily with a view to the British market; if it is specially "dedicated to" the American, the result is a constructive libel on the taste of the American people.

When details are looked into, little consolation is obtainable. No modern poet is more popular and more quoted in the United States than Browning, yet none who is mentioned at all is less adequately treated. The poetry of the "Anti-Jacobin" affords six quotations (instead of sixty), distributed casually under the honoured names of Frere and Canning. The Coleridge section is painfully inadequate. "France: an Ode," "Fears in Solitude," and "Love" have one quotation each; "Dejection" and "Youth and Age" two each; but "Frost at Midnight," "Work without Hope," and a dozen others as full of "quotations" as "Hamlet," have been overlooked altogether. The collection of Charles Lamb's haunting *essays felicitas*, the hardest of all such things to bring to book—scattered as they are, and so thickly, about the essays, verses, and letters, is even more meagre.

But just because it is necessary to speak thus of an old friend in sorrow, and not at all in anger, the indictment must be brought to a premature ending. After all, there is no other book of "Familiar Quotations" nearly so good, and, this being the case, it is indispensable, and will have to be put up with until Messrs. Macmillan present us with something home-made and more worthy of their imprint than this disappointing importation.

* Familiar Quotations. By John Bartlett. Ninth edition. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1891.)

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NEW NOVEL.

The History of David Grieve. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—There is a French artist in this story, who, by way of rebuke to the dominant school in his own craft, lays down the principle that all art is barren which is not penetrated by feeling and coloured by the thought and experience of the present and the past. On this admirable maxim Mrs. Ward has doubtless striven to act in the construction of her novel. There is thought in abundance, there is experience in great variety, and everywhere there is an effort to lay bare the recesses of the human heart. Unfortunately, all this labour has failed to conceal itself. The sense of strain is often acute. The story, instead of being unfolded with that graduated impulse and apparent spontaneity which take the reader captive, is fitful, overloaded with irrelevant matter, more episodic than dramatic, and filled with a spiritual combat which is often better suited to a theological treatise than an artistic creation. In a word, Mrs. Ward's art is unequal to the task of exhibiting the evolution of a soul. David Grieve is not always interesting, and, especially in the third volume, which is largely made up of huge slices from a dreary diary, he is often tiresome. If the truth must be told rather bluntly, this book is no advance on "Robert Elsmere." It deals mainly with the same problems, but it possesses nothing like the unity of its predecessor. There is no life-interest here as poignant as that of Catherine Elsmere; and the spiritual struggles of David Grieve do not come home to us with the



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

Photo by Darraud, Oxford.

vividness which stamped the character of the parish clergyman. David Grieve passes through some phases of passion which were unknown to Elsmere. He leads a reckless life in Paris, and ventures everything on the hazard of a woman's love in the easy atmosphere of Parisian morality. It is in this episode, perhaps, that Mrs. Ward's failure is most conspicuous. She undertakes to demonstrate the hollowness of French ideals of art in the brief passion and sudden catastrophe of her hero's romance. She finds in Regnault, the French painter, a Jeremiah who hurls woes against the vice, artistic and moral, which has eaten the heart out of the genius of his *confères*. She paints a typical orgie at a notorious café, and bids us share the horror with which the young Manchester bookseller heard every sentiment he had been taught to hold sacred ridiculed with foulness and blasphemy. Yet the impression is somehow poor and thin. Regnault is merely a declamatory abstraction. The mockers at "Les Trois Rats" have no individuality. The whole scene is too manifestly drawn at second-hand and from no actual experience. In the same way, all the characters in the book, despite the enormous pains lavished upon them, do not live and breathe before us. Grieve's sister, who satisfies an inexorable law of heredity by going to the bad, is never convincing, either in her vice or her beauty. Elise Delaunay, who enchants and deserts the hero, is charming in the early passages with her lover, but presently becomes obviously the creature of Mrs. Ward's didactic purpose. Ancrum, the little minister, who is Grieve's guardian angel, and the saintly Dorn have no independent vitality. The virtue is only one degree less plausible than the vice. These are grave faults in a book which has a lofty and most commendable aim, and, though there are many passages of great power, the total effect is that of a series of praiseworthy and laborious shadows, which come and go for our edification, but leave no trace.

"THE REAL JAPAN."

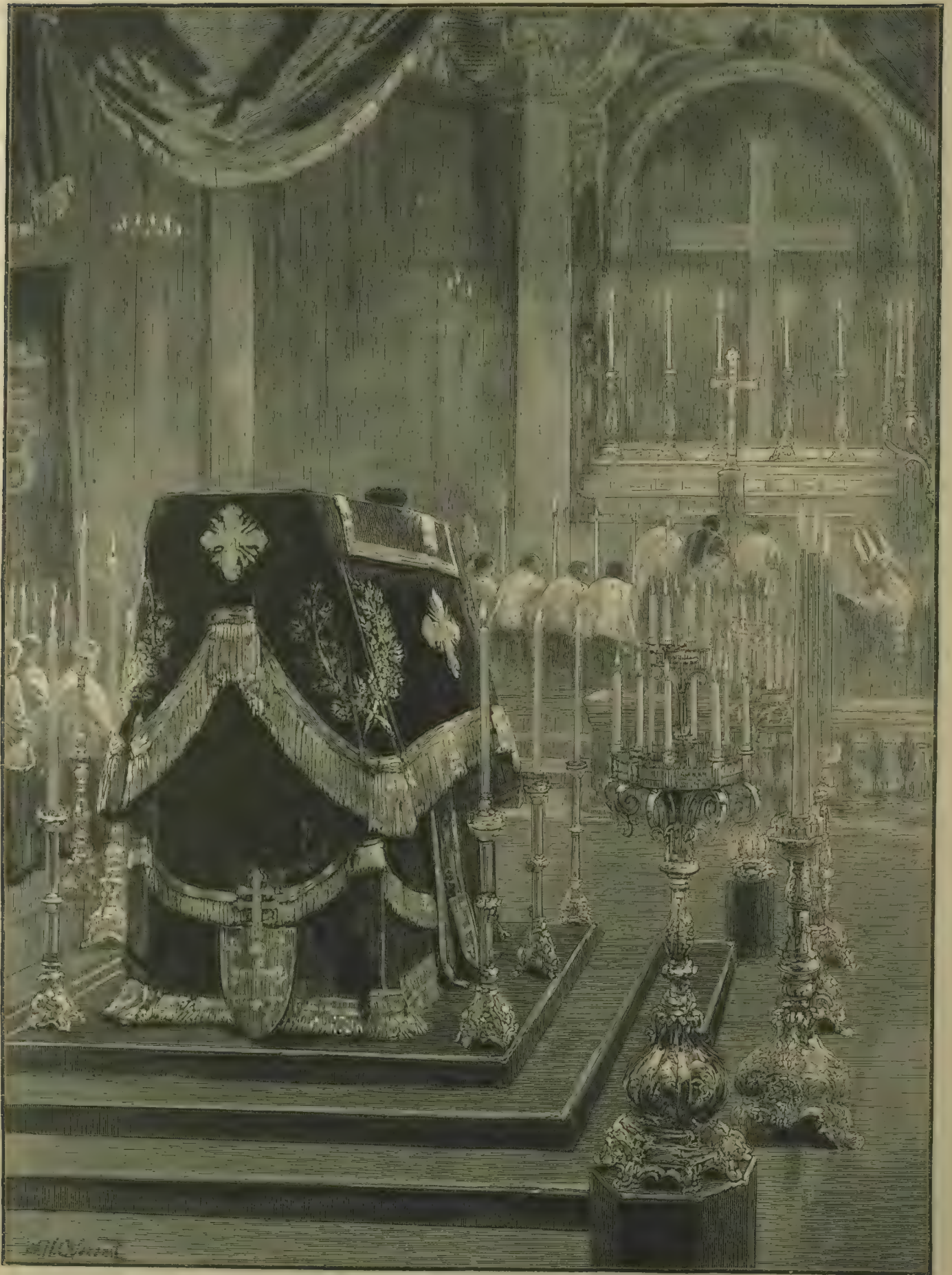
The Real Japan. By Henry Norman. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—Rarely have the Japanese found a more impressionable and sympathetic observer of their manners, customs, and civil polity than the writer of this volume. Mr. Norman is not blind to the barbaric side of this curious people, but he is keenly alive to their remarkable development under Western tuition, while jealous for the maintenance of the native characteristics which give their country its peculiar charm. Indeed, the reader may close this interesting book in some doubt whether the author has made up his mind as to the precise point where the assimilation of Western ideas in Japan ought to cease, in order to preserve the æsthetic individuality of the nation. The pressing problem for Japan lies in her relations with the Western Powers, and Mr. Norman is strongly of opinion that Japanese statesmen would do well to disregard restrictions on their independence, imposed not only by the Great Powers, but even by petty States like Denmark and Peru. Japan has an army which cannot be despised, and a navy which makes her the leading nation of the East; moreover, she is vastly more enlightened than China. Yet to-day she is still compelled to exempt foreigners from her jurisdiction, and permit them to live and trade within her borders without contributing anything to her revenue. Most readers, however, will be less interested in Japanese politics than in Mr. Norman's vivacious sketches of Japanese life, in his enthusiastic appreciation of the arts and crafts of a country where an artist still sets more store by his workmanship than by its commercial value, and, above all, in the Japanese ladies, to whom Mr. Norman devotes much rhapsody and many photographs. The entire book, indeed, is pervaded by the eternal feminine. In the midst of sober facts of military administration we are distracted by a charming portrait of a dancing girl. From a digest of the Japanese Education Code, Mr. Norman abruptly whisks us among feminine graces, which promptly banish all the details of public schools. While the author is gravely analysing the Japanese judiciary, his camera is frolicking among the *geisha*—the ladies who dance and sing (somewhat nasally, as Mr. Norman regretfully admits) and while away the hours with an amiability and "an indefinable something," which convince him that "the Japanese woman is the crown of the charm of Japan." Mr. Norman is almost equally susceptible to the fascinations of Japanese art, and his own sympathetic studies are reinforced by the authority of Captain Brinkley, who formerly possessed the finest collection of Japanese curios, and whose intimate knowledge of Japan gives no little substance to these pages. If his volume is somewhat sketchy, Mr. Norman can at least claim to have thrown new light on some obscure questions, and to have enabled Western readers to form a just and comprehensive impression of Japanese life and character.

THE TAIPEING REBELLION.

Events in the Taiping Rebellion. Being Reprints of MSS. copied by General Gordon, C.B., in his Own Handwriting. With Monograph, &c., by A. Egmont Hake. (London: W. H. Allen.)—It has been long rumoured that there existed, in General Gordon's own handwriting, a true and particular account of the Taiping rebellion which afflicted China from thirty to forty years ago, and in the final suppression of which Gordon bore a leading part as a servant of the Chinese Government. This valuable manuscript of "Chinese" Gordon was once publicly exhibited in a glass case in the Liverpool Jubilee Exhibition. Long expected by those interested in Gordon and his career, it is at length published, and the result is somewhat puzzling. The reader is first given pause by the title of the book, which we have quoted in full. "MSS. copied by General Gordon." What should that mean but that they were not composed or originally written by Gordon, but by another? In which case the value of the thing for the lover of Gordon is practically nil. Furthermore, even if the reader may accept this story of the rebellion as Gordon's own composition, disappointment still awaits him, for, as printed, it is but an inchoate chronicle. It is written in commonplace, careless, and frequently ungrammatical English, and it insists to a wearisome degree on unimportant detail. It is but the dry bones of a history or narrative, to give form and life to which would need the severe and withal patient hand of a practised writer. Mr. Hake, as editor, has, of course, not felt called upon to do that. He has, however, appended some valuable footnotes, besides prefixing an admirable introduction on China and the Powers and an eloquent monograph on "Gordon as leader of men."

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "Playhouse Impressions," by A. B. Walkley. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "A Student's History of England," by Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Three Parts in One Volume. (Longmans.)
- "Skating: Figure Skating and Curling," by J. M. Heathcote and C. G. Tebbutt. *Hadminton Library.* (Longmans.)
- "History of Art in Persia," from the French of Georges Perrot and Charles Chipiez. (Chapman and Hall.)
- "The Dramatic Essays of Charles Lamb," edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Brander Matthews. *My Library Series.* (Chatto and Windus.)
- "Through the Red-Litten Windows," by Theodor Hertz-Garten. *Pseudonym Library.* (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Sir Philip Sidney," by H. R. Fox Bourne. *Heroes of the Nations.* (Putnam's Sons.)
- "Robert Herrick." Two vols. *The Muses Library.* (Lawrence and Bullen.)
- "The Platform Reciter," edited by Alfred H. Miles. (Hutchinson.)
- "Mammon," by Mrs. Alexander. Three vols. (Hutchinson.)
- "Letters from Italy," by Emile de Lavelaye. *Popular Edition.* (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Viscount Palmerston," by the Marquis of Lorne. *The Queen's Prime Ministers Series.* (Sampson Low and Co.)
- "Cigarette Papers," by Joseph Hatton. (Hutchinson and Co.)
- "Mariam," by Horace Victor. (Macmillan.)
- "New Fragments of Science," by John Tyndall. (Longmans.)
- "Milton's Poetical Works." Edited by John Bradshaw. Two vols. *New Aldine Series.* (George Bell and Sons.)



THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING: REQUIEM AT THE BROMPTON ORATORY.



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE.—MEMORIAL SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: THE DEAD MARCH IN "SAUL."

THE TRAMP ABROAD AGAIN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

—100—

AT THE SHRINE OF ST. WAGNER (*Concluded*).

To such as are intending to come here in the Wagner season next year, I wish to say—bring your dinner-pail with you. If you do, you will never cease to be thankful. If you do not, you will find it a hard fight to save yourself from famishing in Bayreuth. Bayreuth is merely a large village, and has no very large hotels or eating-houses. The principal inns are the Golden Anchor and the Sun. At either of these

and let the public know it. Operas are given only on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, with three days of ostensible rest per week, and two teams to do the four operas. But the ostensible rest is devoted largely to rehearsing. It is said that the off-days are devoted to rehearsing from some time in the morning till ten at night. Are there two orchestras also? It is quite likely, since there are 110 names in the orchestra list.

Yesterday the opera was "Tristan und Isolde." I have seen all sorts of audiences—at theatres, operas, concerts, lectures, sermons, funerals—but none which was twin to the Wagner audience of Bayreuth for fixed and reverential attention, absolute stillness, and petrified retention

retire from the opera house in the midst of an act. It would make him celebrated.

This audience reminds me of nothing I have ever seen, and of nothing I have read about except the city in the Arabian tale where all the inhabitants have been turned to brass, and the traveller finds them after centuries—mute, motionless, and still, retaining the attitudes which they last knew in life. Here, the Wagner audience dress as they please, and sit in the dark and worship in silence. At the Metropolitan, in New York, they sit in a glare, they wear their showiest harness, they hum airs, they squeak fans, they titter, and they gabble all the time. In some of the boxes the conversation and laughter are so loud as to divide the attention of the house with the stage. In large measure the Metropolitan is a show-case for rich fashionables who are not trained in Wagnerian music and have no reverence for it, but who like to promote art and show their clothes.

Can that be an agreeable atmosphere to persons in whom this music produces a sort of divine ecstasy, and to whom its creator is a very deity, his stage a temple, the works of his brain and hands consecrated things, and the partaking of them with eye and ear a sacred solemnity? Manifestly no. Then, perhaps the temporary expatriation, the tedious traversing of seas and continents, the pilgrimage to Bayreuth, stands explained. These devotees would worship in an atmosphere of devotion. It is only here that they can find it without flock or blemish, or any worldly pollution. In this remote village there are no sights to see, there is no newspaper to intrude the worries of the distant world, there is nothing going on—it is always Sunday. The pilgrim wends to his temple out of town, sits out his moving service, returns to his bed with his heart and his soul and his body exhausted by long hours of tremendous emotion, and he is in no fit condition to do anything but lie torpid, and slowly gather back life and strength for the next service. This opera of "Tristan und Isolde" last night broke the hearts of all witnesses who were of the faith, and I know of some, and have heard of many, who could not sleep after it, but cried the night away. I feel strongly out of place here. Sometimes I feel like the one same person in a community of the mad; sometimes I feel like the one blind man where all others see, the one groping savage in a college of the learned; and always, during service, I feel like a heretic in heaven.

But by no means do I ever overlook or minimize the fact that this is one of the most extraordinary experiences of my life. I have never seen anything like this before. I have never seen anything so great and fine and real as this devotion.

Thursday's opera was "Parsifal" again. The others went, and they show marked advance in appreciation; but I went hunting for relics and reminders of the Margravine Wilhelmina, she of the imperishable "Memoirs." I am properly grateful to her for her (unconscious) satire upon monarchy and nobility, and therefore nothing which her hand touched or her eye looked upon is indifferent to me. I am her pilgrim, the rest of this multitude here are Wagner's.

I have seen my last two operas, my season is ended, and we cross over into Bohemia this afternoon. I was supposing that my musical regeneration was accomplished and perfected, because I enjoyed both of these operas, singing and all, and, moreover, one of them was "Parsifal"; but the experts have disenchanted me. They say—

"Singing! That wasn't singing, that was the wailing and screeching of third-rate obscurities palmed off on us in the interest of economy."

Well, I ought to have recognised the sign—the old sure sign that has never failed me in matters of art. Whenever I enjoy anything in art, it means that it is mighty poor. The private knowledge of this fact has saved me from going to pieces with enthusiasm in front of many and many a chromo. However, my base instinct does bring me profit sometimes; I was the only man out of thirty-two hundred who got his money back on those two operas.

(To be continued.)



Isolde and Brangäne: "Tristan und Isolde."

places you can get an excellent meal—no, I mean you can go there and see other people get it. There is no charge for this. The town is littered with restaurants, but they are small and bad, and they are over-driven with custom. You must secure a table hours beforehand, and often when you arrive you will find somebody occupying it. We have had this experience. We have had a daily scramble for life—and when I say "we" I include shoals of people. I have the impression that the only people who do not have to scramble are the veterans—the disciples who have been here before and know the ropes. I think they arrive about a week before the first opera, and engage all the tables for the season. My tribe have tried all kinds of places—some outside of the town a mile or two—and have captured only nibblings and odds and ends, never, in any instance, a complete and satisfying meal. Digestible? No, the reverse. These odds and ends are going to serve as souvenirs of Bayreuth, and in that regard their value is not to be over-estimated. Photographs fade, bric-à-brac gets lost, busts of Wagner get broken, but once you absorb a Bayreuth restaurant meal it is your possession and your property until the time comes to embalm the rest of you. Some of these pilgrims here become in effect cabinets—cabinets of souvenirs of Bayreuth. It is believed among scientists that you could examine the crop of a dead Bayreuth pilgrim anywhere in the earth and tell where he came from. But I like this ballast. I think a "Hermitage" scrape-up, at eight in the evening, when all the famine-breeders have been there and laid in their mementoes and gone, is the quietest thing you can lay on your keelson except gravel.

They keep two teams of singers in stock for the chief rôles, and one of these is composed of the most renowned artists in the world, with Materna and Alvary in the lead. I suppose a double team is necessary; doubtless a single team would die of exhaustion in a week, for all the plays last from four in the afternoon till ten at night, nearly all the labour falls upon the half-dozen head singers, and apparently they are required to furnish all the noise they can for the money. If they feel a soft, whispery, mysterious feeling, they are required to open out

to the end of an act of the attitude assumed at the beginning of it. You detect no movement in the solid mass of heads and shoulders; you seem to sit with the dead in the gloom of a tomb. You know that they are being stirred to their profoundest depths; that there are times when they want to rise and wave handkerchiefs and shout their approbation, and times when tears were running down their faces and it would be a relief to free their pent emotions in sobs or screams; yet you hear not one utterance till the curtain swings together and the closing strains have slowly faded out and died; then the dead rise with one impulse and shake the building with their applause. Every seat is full in the first act; there is not a vacant one in the last. If a man would like to be conspicuous, let him come here and



You must secure a table hours beforehand, and often when you arrive you will find somebody occupying it.

THE REDEMPTION OF GERALD ROSECOURT.

BY BARRY PAIX.

From the Journal of Gerald Rosecourt, Mus. Bac., Organist of St. Andrew's, Burdon, Yorkshire.

CHAPTER IV.

As I read, one short sentence seemed to stand out above the others, and light broke in upon me. The sentence was this—

"Even the craving for drink entirely left me."

I thought it over. I had become strangely attracted by the face of a figure of St. Cecilia in a stained window of the church. I had imagined sometimes that she was real, merely to please my fancy, and had thought what a difference it might make to me if she were a living woman. I often thought about her. One night I had had a delusion—so I called it. It had seemed to me that she had played to me, and spoken to me through music, and that I had answered her. During the rest of that night and the following day the craving for drink had left me. I was afraid—dipsomania makes cowards—to go any more to the church by night to practise, lest I should have some other delusion—perhaps some horrible presentation of my dead mother—which would frighten me out of my sanity. But, it occurred to me, in consequence of my nervousness, I was deliberately evading the one thing which had ever destroyed the drink-craving in me. I would see if I could not get that same delusion repeated; I even would do my best to make it permanent. I pencilled a note to the organ-blower, Johnson, to meet me that evening in the church porch. I was still nervous. I feared that perhaps the delusion would not be repeated; it might have been so. Or something horrible might, I thought, take its place. But I was determined not to lose a chance. I had been trying all my life to contend with an enemy; this delusion had not increased my power to contend with the enemy, but it had destroyed the enemy and given me no need to contend at all. Such were my fears; my hope was that by exactly repeating, as far as I could, the circumstances and time of that first delusion, I might be able to repeat the delusion itself. As it happened, I did even more; and I no longer speak of delusions.

The sun had nearly set as I walked to the church. The sky was dead grey, splashed with careless saffron and coral tints along the western line. The light falling on the Cecilia window of the church was like a pathway for a spirit's feet. A little rain had fallen in the afternoon, and made the air fresh and sweet for her. The wind was soft and mild, whispering gently, as though to tell me that my saint was coming to me, and that I must be ready for her. Coming? I knew that she was coming. My blood ran faster, my breath came quicker, my brain was full of the loveliest thoughts, because she was coming.

In the porch Johnson was waiting for me. He was unusually silent, for which I was rather thankful; the poor man's chatter would not have suited my mood. The time passed slowly. All the church grew dusky, and then quite dark. Only in the south chapel there was a faint light from the candles, that gleamed against the black front of the organ. I had been playing two of Mendelssohn's organ sonatas. I grew more and more excited. Just where that wave of sound rolls right up the organ, and seems to sweep your very soul along in the strength of it, I stopped suddenly. I could stand the tension no longer; my hands clasped involuntarily, and my muscles tightened. I turned to call Johnson: I felt that I must speak to someone—anyone—or go mad.

As I turned, my eyes fell full on the eyes of Saint Cecilia. She sat on a low bench on my right, almost within arm's-length, looking towards me. It seems strange to write this, but it did not seem unnatural to me then to see it. Her figure was partly in shadow, but the candle-light fell full upon her face. It was calm, and serious, and sweet. For a moment I was silent, and gazed at her. In that moment three scenes from my past life flashed across me. One was from my boyhood. I was lying on a bed in a dimly lighted room, and a woman with a peaceful face sat by my side, holding my hand and reading to me: "He shall give His angels charge over thee." Then came the rattle of a train; I was seated in one of the carriages, and George Remyer's ugly face was opposite to mine. And then I was standing—a grown man now—in my father's study; a hastily written cheque was in my hands, and I heard the words: "Perhaps self-interest may be strong enough to reclaim you." Vividly all this flashed before my eyes. It was all gone in a moment, and once more I was looking upon the face of my saint. I felt no surprise; my excitement was quite gone.

"Saint Cecilia," I said, "can this be only a dream?"

"Hush!" she whispered, with a glance towards the back of the organ. "You know that it is not a delusion. You called me, and I came. Go on playing."

I touched the keys again. I do not know what I played—something just loud enough to prevent that idiot behind the organ from hearing us. As I played, she rose and stood by my side. I looked up in her face. "You are real," I said. "You have ever been real in my thoughts. Yet give me a sign."

Gently she touched my face and hair. Her hand was warm and soft, like the hand of a living woman. She did not speak.

"Saint Cecilia," I said, "my saint, you know why I called to you. Knowing that, how could you come to such as I am?"

"Once," she answered, "I was a woman, as other women. And the gift of music, which is yours, was mine also. An angel came down to listen to me. Surely your need is greater than mine; can it be wonderful to you that I should come? I am your redemption. Your thoughts are beautiful. Your hopes and aspirations are beautiful. Women whom you have met think you beautiful to look at, and speak of you sometimes to one another. How could I let you be

ruined, body and soul, by one thing—the curse that was your birthright? Do you not remember the words that you heard read to you in your boyhood? I have come to comfort you—to help you—to redeem you."

I bent my head for very shame. "Dear saint," I said, "I am past all help. I am not worthy to speak to you."

"Look at me," she answered, her voice dropping to a whisper.

I looked into her eyes—far away into her soft bright eyes. An ecstasy came upon me that was like nothing on this earth. It was a moment of rapture for which one would gladly have given a lifetime of meaner things. I spoke again—

"Yes, I am not worthy. But through you I shall be worthy. The past is past. It is snapped off and gone. Somewhere in the depth of your look upon me I am born again. I have new strength, and new desires, and new love."

the earth. Yet my adoration of her is not the love that a man gives to a woman. It is something higher, something more than that. She has brought me redemption and consolation; and although I can now go through the rest of my life quite happily, master of myself, yet I long for that more perfect communion with my saint which I shall find only after death. Yes, to me she is real; if I could ever think that she was a delusion, her work would be undone at once. To-night she did not appear to me, nor speak to me, as I sat playing in the church; but I know that she will come again. From time to time I shall see her and hold converse with her. She tells me many things, and yet hardly a word of the great secret, of what awaits me after death. She speaks often of my redemption and of her care for me; once, the last time that I saw her, she was sad—I do not know why. I think that I will ask her when she appears to me again.

I shall not be able to go to the church to-morrow (Saturday)



Gently she touched my face and hair.

"And new love," she echoed softly. Her face and figure grew fainter before my eyes. I stretched out my hands to her, and she was gone.

I went on playing for a few minutes; then I closed the organ and returned to my lodgings. Johnson walked behind me, clanking the heavy keys of the church. He was still silent, until I turned to pay him.

Then he shook his head. "It is terrible work," he said; "at night it's terrible!"

I paid him double the usual amount. I have since this occasion always given him double pay when he has had to come to the church at nights. He says very little, but, from occasional remarks, I cannot help thinking that he too believes that he has strange experiences in the church at night-time. Sometimes I have almost imagined that, to some extent, he sees and hears what I see and hear at these times.

There is little more to say. I have been to the church very frequently since that night, and, until to-night, I have always seen my saint or heard her speaking to me. Sometimes her appearance is faint and shadowy, and, after a moment or two, vanishes completely; sometimes she seems real as a woman of

night. The Remyers arrive on that day, and I am to meet them at dinner at the Vicarage in the evening. I remember George Remyer well, as he was at school—ugly, rather fantastic, clever, easy-natured, with flashes of unexpected things showing themselves in him at times. I can see him in imagination, as I saw him on that journey home from school, leaning back on the cushions of the carriage, and reading "Les Amours d'un Interne." A draught comes in from the window, and flutters the leaves and yellow cover of the book. He swears in a whisper—a habit that he had—and shuts the window impatiently. I wonder if he has changed much, and what he has done to make Cecily Fane hate him.

(To be continued.)

A serious ice accident occurred at St. Helens on Saturday, Jan. 23. A number of lads were skating on a pond in a field, when the ice, which proved to be very thin, gave way. Two brothers—John and Martin Halesy—were drowned. The boys were twins. This is the second double fatality through the ice giving way which has occurred at St. Helens in one month.



"THE KING IS COMING!"—PICTURE BY MANTEGAZZA.

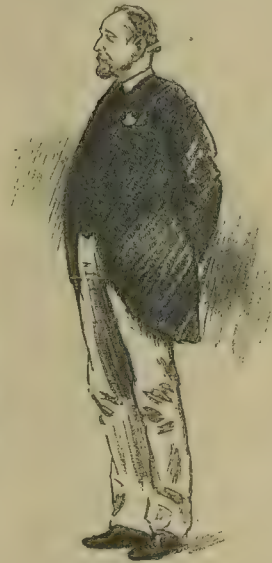
PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.

THE ELECTION AT
ROSSENDALE, LANCASHIRE.

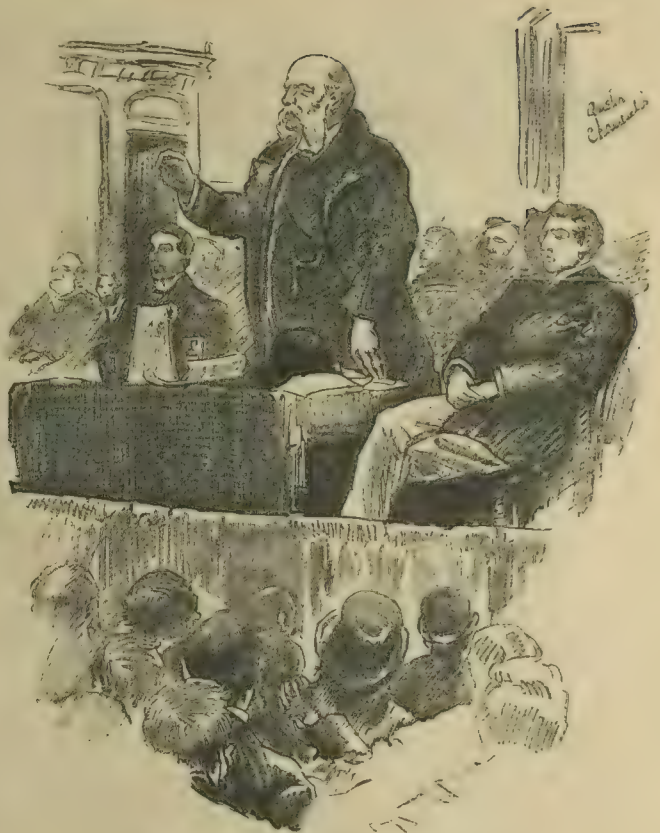
SKETCHES BY
OUR SPECIAL ARTIST,
MR. W. D. ALMOND.



THE BACUP
BILL POSTER



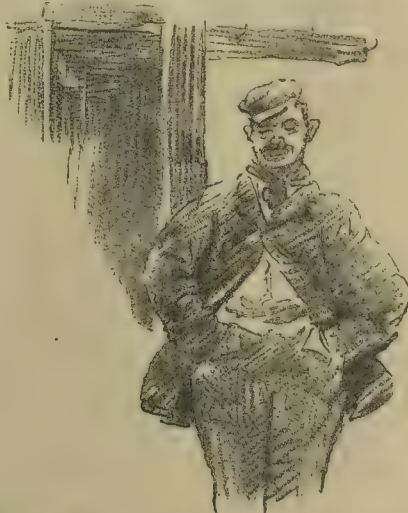
AT STACKSTEDS: MR. A. PEASE
SUPPORTS A RESOLUTION CONDOLING
WITH THE ROYAL FAMILY.



UNIONIST MEETING AT BACUP CO-OPERATIVE HALL.



AT STACKSTEDS: A BLIND VOTER.



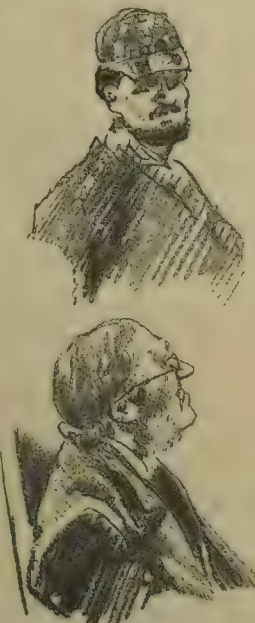
A BACUP UNIONIST.



A PEPPERY LANCASHIRE LAD: "COME DOWN,
AND I'LL THRASH YOU!"



INDIFFERENT AS TO THE RESULT.



AT THE UNIONIST MEETING, BACUP.



GLADSTONIAN POSTERS, RAWTENSTALL.

THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING.

THE LYING-IN-STATE.

On the night of Tuesday, Jan. 19, Cardinal Manning's remains were transferred from Archbishop's House to the Brompton Oratory, where on the following day the last "lying-in-state" began. The great church was draped in black, and near the altar the Cardinal's arms formed conspicuous spots of red amid the surrounding black drapery. The coffin, covered with a magnificent pall, rested upon a bier, which in turn stood upon a platform a foot or so in height; great waxen *cierges* stood at each side, and at the four corners of the enclosed space knelt priests and nuns offering up the prayers for the dead which the Church enjoins upon the faithful. The Oratory was opened to the public at an early hour, and it need hardly be said that permission to view the lying-in-state was widely embraced. It has been computed that no less than twenty-five thousand persons of all creeds visited the Oratory during the day. From morn till night the eastern aisle of the Oratory was packed with a solid mass of humanity, which moved forward to where the bier stood at an appropriately funeral rate of progression. At night a service of the usual commemorative and intercessory nature was held.

THE REQUIEM.

Punctually at eleven o'clock on the Thursday morning began the last solemn rites of the Church, collectively known as the Requiem. As early as ten o'clock not an inch of standing room was to be got in the great church, which ranks third in point of size and accommodation in all London. The congregation was eminently representative of the flock over which the great Cardinal ruled. The Catholic aristocracy rubbed shoulders with the Catholic democracy. Dukes, earls, and lords of high degree knelt in community of sorrow and sense of loss with the poor Irish labourer from the slums of the East-End and the, if anything, poorer Italian *décolé* from Eyre Street Hill. It is unnecessary here to recite the features of that marvellously beautiful and impressive service in which the Church offered up the last petitions for the repose of the Cardinal's soul. Many of the visitors must necessarily have lost the meaning of the mysterious rites and occult ceremonies employed, but not the dulcet ear could miss the significance of the wonderful music. Six hundred priests, all profoundly familiar with the music they sang, rendered the Introit, the Offertory, and the Communion, while the chants of more elaborate nature, and needing a more delicate interpretation, were given by a trained choir of some fifty clerics. The Gregorian chant (Ratisbon edition) was used, and the Gregorian, if to the seasons ear lacking the beauty of more florid music, has at all events the distinction of unrivalled sublimity and unequalled impressiveness. The altar presented a spectacle of rare beauty, the different vestments worn by the bishops, canons, and other dignitaries of the Church blending into a superb mass of colour, at once the delight and the distraction of the eye. Bishop Medley preached the sermon, which was both affecting and eloquent.

THE FUNERAL CORTEGE.

Meanwhile, a great concourse had gathered in the road outside, labour deputations, members of the League of the Cross, Cardinal's guards, and mourners of many creeds and many nationalities, who had come to pay honour to the great Cardinal's memory. These faithful folk had perforce to wait a great while until the starting of the procession. About two o'clock, however, a procession of priests filed slowly out, singing as they went. A second and smaller procession of canons and bishops immediately preceded the coffin, which was carried on the shoulders of the Brothers of the Oratory. The bishops, gorgeous in flowered capes and jewelled mitres, formed up outside the covered way, and while the sad dirge was intoned by the choir and priests the Cardinal's coffin was lifted to its resting-place on the hearse. Curiously enough, the hearse was the identical one which, twenty-six years ago, bore Cardinal Wiseman to his grave. Three quarters of an hour later the mournful cortege started on its way to Kensal Green Cemetery.

IN KENSAL GREEN CEMETERY.

Contrary to expectation, the cortege reached the cemetery about half-past four. The route was lined on both sides by reverential crowds, and in many instances the owners of shops and private houses had lowered their blinds. The saddest and most affecting scene took place, of course, at the grave-side. A kindly forethought a spacious marquee had been erected around the place of interment, and the diminished light rendered the lighting of tapers necessary. Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, took his stand at the head of the grave, and the great crucifix borne by his acolyte gleamed in the dim religious light. Then the flashing coffin-brass indicated the approach of the remains. The choir stationed in the tent began anew the solemn dirge, and through their strain broke ever and anon the sonorous clanging of the passing bell from the church tower near at hand. Outside the tent, in the damp chill air, stood a vast crowd only to be numbered by many thousands. The pathetic and touching "Miserere" having been sung, the coffin was lowered to its resting-place, and the most poignant emotion oppressed all present. More pious offices remained to be discharged, more sad anthems and canticles to be sung. The coffin was sprinkled for the last time with holy water, and then succeeding the Kyrie Eleison the Bishop commended the Cardinal's soul to God in the words: "May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace." With this prayer the mourners took their last look at the coffin of the great Cardinal, and in reverential silence went out into the dusky evening. And in such wise was the great Cardinal, whose life and labours have honoured his Church and his country alike, laid to rest "in the bosom of his Maker."

CHESS.

P. R. GINS.—We regret we have no room to publish your solution in rhyme, but thank you all the same for sending it.
E. D. (Amherst Road).—We cannot reply by post, but any bookseller will obtain for your order "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern," Gossett's "Theory of the Chess Opening," Steinitz's "Modern Chess Instructor" is not yet complete. Part I. only is published up to the present.
J. W. (Widow's).—Some assurance must be given that they have never appeared previously before publishing them in this column.
L. SCHEIDT (Vienna).—In No. 702, after 1. B. takes B, it takes B, 2. Q. takes R, Black now replies with R to K 8th. Where is the great next move?
R. KELLY (Killy).—1. R. to B 8th (ch), 2. K. moves, 2. Kt. to B 7th (ch), seems a "better" further three-mover.
J. H. TAMMERS (Gillingham).—If Black play K to Kt 3rd, in your leading variation on his second move, there is no mate.
P. H. WILLIAMS (Hamstead).—Your last contribution is accepted for publication.
DEITYA.—Thanks once more—not we trust for the last time for many a day yet.
CORRESPONDENTS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2497 and 2498 received from J. W. Deary (1. B. to K 3rd, 2. N. to K 4th, 3. N. to K 5th, 4. N. to K 6th, 5. N. to K 7th, 6. N. to K 8th, 7. N. to K 9th, 8. N. to K 10th, 9. N. to K 11th, 10. N. to K 12th, 11. N. to K 13th, 12. N. to K 14th, 13. N. to K 15th, 14. N. to K 16th, 15. N. to K 17th, 16. N. to K 18th, 17. N. to K 19th, 18. N. to K 20th, 19. N. to K 21th, 20. N. to K 22th, 21. N. to K 23th, 22. N. to K 24th, 23. N. to K 25th, 24. N. to K 26th, 25. N. to K 27th, 26. N. to K 28th, 27. N. to K 29th, 28. N. to K 30th, 29. N. to K 31th, 30. N. to K 32th, 31. N. to K 33th, 32. N. to K 34th, 33. N. to K 35th, 34. N. to K 36th, 35. N. to K 37th, 36. N. to K 38th, 37. N. to K 39th, 38. N. to K 40th, 39. N. to K 41th, 40. N. to K 42th, 41. N. to K 43th, 42. N. to K 44th, 43. N. to K 45th, 44. N. to K 46th, 45. N. to K 47th, 46. N. to K 48th, 47. N. to K 49th, 48. N. to K 50th, 49. N. to K 51th, 50. N. to K 52th, 51. N. to K 53th, 52. N. to K 54th, 53. 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ELLIMAN'S

USEFUL TO FIREMEN.

Mr. J. H. HEATHMAN, Endell Street and Wilson Street, London, W.C., Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes—

"Aug. 27, 1890.

"For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results.

"I have frequently advised firemen and others to try it, and know many instances of relief through its application.

"There are many like myself who are liable to get a soaking at fire-engine trials and actual fires, and the knowledge of the value of your Embrocation will save them much pain and inconvenience if they apply the remedy with promptitude.

"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I lost rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

Mr. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes—

"Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot; in the night it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about seven o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until five o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace.
"About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club.
"Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

STRENGTHENS the MUSCLES.

From "Victoria." "The Strongest Lady in the World."
"It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

RUNNING.

A Blackheath Harrier writes—
"Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

SORE THROAT FROM COLD.

From a Clergyman.
"For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

CRAMP.

CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forbes Estate, Maskelyne, Ceylon, writes—
"The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

ACHES, SPRAINS, AND STIFFNESS.

A. F. GARDNER, Esq., A.A.A.I., A.C., Station Hotel, 5, Oxford Street, writes—

"After exercise it is invaluable for dispersing stiffness and aches. No athlete or cross-country runner should be without it."

ACCIDENT.

From the Jackey Wonders, Oxford Music Hall, London.

"I was recommended by my friend 'Victoria' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

CYCLING.

From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.

"I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."

"An excellent good thing."

—Henry IV. (2), Act II., Sc. 2.

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ELLIMAN'S

Universal Embrocation

For Aches and Pains.

"An excellent good thing."

—Henry IV. (2), Act II., Sc. 2.



"And would ye not think that cunning to be great That could restore that cripple to his legs?"

—Henry VI. (2), Act II., Sc. 1.

"And it I will have, or I will have none."

One Shilling and Three-Halfpence.

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We're a capital couple the Moon and I,
I polish the Earth, she brightens the sky:
And we both declare, as half the world knows,
Though a capital couple, we "WONT WASH CLOTHES"

This Product has been tested by the leading Analysts of Great Britain, and pronounced

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is a matter deserving grateful notice that the outward and conventional signs of mourning, with black draperies and crape trimmings, were almost entirely dispensed with by the Prince of Wales at the funeral of his heir. Neither the station at which the sad procession arrived nor the chapel in which the last rites were performed was hung with black; even the carpet in the aisle was a strip of grey felt. The royal ladies, also, wore thin long veils of transparent net in place of the traditional stifling mask of crape. Thus, at a moment when a cruel blow might have made justifiable the most complete self-absorption, the Prince and Princess have set an example of reform in a matter that concerns most deeply their poorer fellow-countrymen.

Those who move among the poorer middle and working classes in the hour of their affliction by death know how often money that is sorely needed is wasted on conventional mourning. It happened to me recently to be in a house whence one had that day been carried to the last rest. An old lady over seventy was present, the effect on whom of the sad excitement was to make her say over and over again the same things, like an almost intolerable barrel-organ of grief. One of the sayings that she thus impressed on my unwilling mind was this: "I was left a widow with four children and only sixty pounds in the world, and it cost me forty for his funeral and mourning." Alas! how often in like circumstances is such unjustifiable expense incurred because it is regarded as a necessary token of respect for the unconscious dead. It is precisely in such a matter that a good example can be set by those, and those alone, whom fortune and unquestionable love and reverence for the memory of the dear one lost raise at once above all suspicion of either meanness or carelessness. The Prince of Wales has set that example, and we may feel sure that the lesson will be valued by the public.

Dr. Boyd—better known as "A. K. H. R."—tells, in his new volume of recollections, of a visit paid by Canon Kingsley to St. Andrews, where, being the honoured guest at a party, he suddenly turned on a thinly clad young lady who coughed slightly, and said to her: "My dear, always wear flannel next your skin." However startling it may have been to be thus addressed by an illustrious stranger in public, the advice is practically sound. It reminds me of the famous Dr. Abernethy's recipe for the healthy rearing of a child: "Plenty of sleep, plenty of milk, and plenty of flannel." Kingsley wrote an ode of praise to the north-east wind, in regard to which George Eliot, on whom the dry, bleak blast had a commonplace and distressful influence, sarcastically wished that he and those who agreed with him could keep that wind all to themselves as a tribal god! Since this idea cannot be carried into practice, however, we had better all take the hint of the north wind's devotee as to propitiating the evil spirit, and "wear flannel next your skin, my dear."

There is a decided reaction against the long coats with

sitting vests that have been almost a uniform so far this winter. Of course, these are still generally worn, but a change is evidently near. Some new models have quite short basques, going round in a line (that is to say, not pointed over the hips) about two inches below the waist. Another good and quite new model had a complete waistcoat, sleeveless, like a man's, and made of grey silk, the front barred across with steel trimmings, the rest of it plain and fitted everywhere to the figure, cut off so short all round as only just to avoid riding up from the waist; over this came a zouave and sleeves of a grey cloth decked with white, and of this fancy material the skirt was also made. Others have the skirt draped to hook over a very short basque. Perhaps, however, the style best worn will be the ever-popular, because ever-graceful and ladylike, "Princess," with the hips outlined by a sash or by a band of trimming. For ball dresses of silk, which are now made with demi-trained backs not long enough to be trodden on, this is a very effective way of making a Princess back, with the front of the bodice cut off very short, and trimmed round with a belt, or rather fringe of flowers, gradually increasing in depth to the exact middle of the waist. The petticoat, having a silk front, and, if wished, a lining back, can be edged with a festoon of lace caught up with little bunches of flowers to match, or with a narrow flounce of the material, over which falls a floral fringe.

Almost coincident with the death of the Dowager Lady Sandhurst there is agreeable news about the other of the two ladies who were chosen by the electors of London in 1889 to sit on the first London County Council. Miss Jane Cobden is to be married, on Feb. 2, to Mr. Fisher Unwin, the well-known publisher. Miss Cobden is a daughter of the famous Free-trader, and is very like him in feature and expression, while gaining a peculiar distinction of her own by possessing snow-white hair, though still in the prime of life.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that the battle of the admission of women to good wage-earning occupations is fought and won for ever. On the contrary, it is yet to be fought, and the initial struggles of opening closed doors that we have watched are as nothing to what our daughters or granddaughters will have to undertake in order to hold their footing. This is why it is of such profound consequence for women who obtain an entrance into any new sphere to justify themselves therein, morally and industrially. Incidents in proof of the truth of what I have just said are of daily occurrence, but generally they take place "underhand," and almost in secret. Occasionally they are open. The Post Office revolt that Mr. Raikes subdued was based on this sex-jealousy among workers, and another illustration has just occurred in America. The male medical students at the St. Louis College demanded the exclusion of women students on the broad ground that there were quite enough men ready to fill the profession, and that the male sex, merely as such, ought to have the preference. The Dean replied that he could not consider such a demand, and advised those signing it to withdraw their names from the document or to retire from the institution. Sixteen young men thereupon gave up their studies at the college, and the incident terminated; but it was significant.

In Edinburgh the opposition of the male students still deprives the lady medical students of infirmary practice, which, however, they get unquestioned at Glasgow. In London, the Royal Free Hospital and the New Hospital for Women take lady students only. In Paris, and I am told in Dublin also, the students, like the patients, are of both sexes.

ART NOTES.

The interest of the artists in the deferred, but imminent, election of three Associates to the Royal Academy is shared by the public; but it arises from different sources. To the artists the question is whether the landscapists or the figure-painters shall be the more favoured. There are good names in each category, and it has been urged that the landscape-painters have of late been strongly reinforced, whilst the figure and genre painters have been neglected. On the other hand, the higher rank has been of late years chiefly recruited from the latter class, and it is these who are credited with the desire of keeping up the number of the younger men who have distinguished themselves in that branch. The interest of the public lies in an altogether different direction. For them it is important that the selection should be a fair recognition of contemporary art—in other words, that the modern conception of treatment of painting should be accepted. The old tradition of all academical bodies, *stare super antiqua vias*, is no longer tolerable, and the more fully the electing body at Burlington House can bring this fact home the more assured will be its claims to public favour and support. Like many other time-honoured institutions, the Royal Academy is exposed to close and sometimes ungenerous criticism, and to disarm this that venerable body must adapt its decisions to the tone and temper of the times.

Of the late Comte de Nieuwerkerke, who, *par la grâce de la Princesse Mathilde*, held for many years the post of Directeur des Beaux Arts at the Louvre, a very pleasant story need to be told. It was somewhere about 1855, when Alfred de Musset was nearing his end, that he expressed the wish to pass an hour or so alone with the Raphaëles and Da Vincis of the Louvre. One of his friends related this to the Director, who at once invited him to one of those brilliant, but noisy soirées which, regardless of the dangers from fire, he had inaugurated. This was not altogether what de Musset desired, but his host had anticipated the poet's real wish, and on his arrival at the Director's official abode he was at once conducted to the great salle, where the masterpieces he desired to see were lighted by splendid candelabra. The attendants then withdrew; and Alfred de Musset was left alone with the "Belle Jardinière," "La Fornarina," "La Joconde," and other glorious memories of the mighty dead. When he rejoined his friends his eyes were full of tears, but after a while he resumed his usual gaiety, which in company seldom forsook him, although alone he suffered from terrible fits of depression. What the pictures of the Louvre said to the poet in this last interview we may never know, but those who search with diligence through his *œuvres posthumes* may find a key to some of the thoughts which passed through his mind on that occasion.

The "essay," consisting of some two hundred and fifty pages, which Mr. W. R. Lethaby has launched at or over the heads of his art brethren under the title of "Architecture, Mysticism, and Myth" (London: Percival and Co., 1892), can scarcely be intended for general readers. He has collected from all sorts of sources, scientific and empiric, from Apuleius and the "Arabian Nights," to Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Tyler, a variety of "architectural legends," and from these half-digested materials has elaborated a treatise on metaphysical architecture, of which the practical value is somewhat difficult to seize. As far as we can understand the author's object, although it cannot be said to be clearly worked out, it is to show that from

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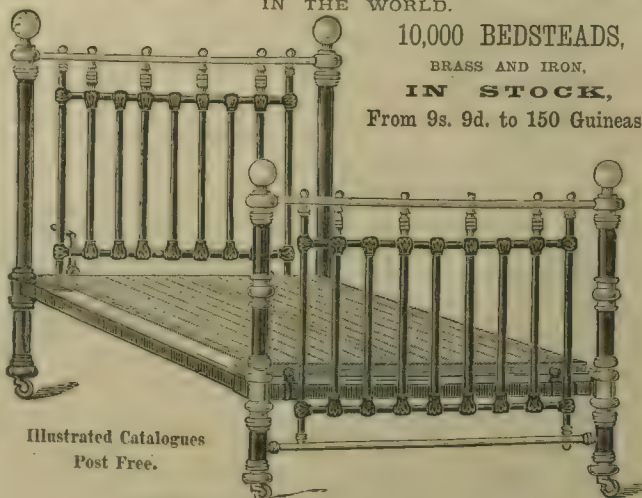
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY

Regret to give notice that they are unable to keep pace with the orders by post for "The Orient Pearls." The Stock prepared, though large, has proved altogether inadequate to the demands arriving from almost every part of the Globe. All orders received prior to this notice will be despatched with as little delay as possible; the execution of subsequent orders by post must, however, remain in abeyance until the necessary arrangements have been completed for the production of "The Orient Pearls" upon a more extensive scale, the present rate of production barely sufficing to meet the personal applications at the various Branches.



THE NEW PREMISES IN BOND STREET.

Negotiations for more commodious Premises in Bond Street being completed, the Company propose to hold an important Sale at 35, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, prior to opening the Bond Street Premises. SALE to commence on MONDAY, February 1.

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AND IN PARIS.

all time and in all countries there has existed outside the art of building and construction, finding its various expressions and limited by external conditions, a "germ" that was as the soul to the body. The majority of British householders, at least, will think they have enough to do with the inchoate and incomplete phases of the builder's craft from which they suffer, to spare time for the consideration of "esoteric masonry." Possibly, among the adepts in the higher grades of that occult science known as Arch-masonry there may be some to whom Mr. Lethaby's treatise may convey solace and improvement; but the majority of those who take it up may be tempted to say of it as Sir John Mandeville says of Paradise: "I cannot speak properly, for I was not there. It is far beyond; and that forthwith me, and also I was not worthy."

One of the chief objections to pastels on the part of pur-chasers is the insecurity of the chalks, and the doubt as to how long the picture will retain its original qualities. Any-one who has seen the pastels at Wilton House or Castle Howard will know that the old French masters of the art of pastel work knew how to fix their materials. What their secret was is not known; but a distinguished amateur artist and expert, the late Marquis de Varennes, discovered a process which he found of so much use that it may prove of value to English pastel-workers and their patrons. All that is required is to wash over the back of the drawing with an alcoholic solution of gum-lac, from which the colour has been removed. This solution quickly penetrates the paper, and, the alcohol rapidly evaporating, the delicate "powdering" which is the charm of pastel work is at once fixed, and so firmly that the drawing may be rolled, rubbed, or even sent by post without danger. The proportion of colourless gum-lac to pure alcohol in the solution should be one part of the former to twelve of the latter.

SAINT GERMAIN THE DEATHLESS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Most people have read with awe Lord Lytton's tale, "The Manners and the Haunted." This romance frightened Thackeray so much as he perused it in the public drawing-room at the Lord Warden Hotel in Dover that he was afraid to look round. The hero of the story is a mysterious person who has left traces of his presence, the author says, at European Courts in many distant ages. In fact, he is more or less immortal, "exempt from age and death," like the horses of Pegasus. He reappears, expanded but not improved, as the Margrave of "The Strange Story." He is the HE, in fact, of fiction, and belongs to the family of Melmoth, the Wandering Jew, and Salathiel.

It is probable that, while drawing this hero, Lord Lytton had in his mind the mysterious Comte de Saint Germain, about whom we find some hints in the memoirs of the last century. They are only hints, and rather excite than satisfy our curiosity. There were plenty of quacks in the years preceding the Revolution, even as now there are Mahatmas and Esoteric Buddhists. But in what age are there not quacks? A great deal of impudent cunning, a little hypnotism or mesmerism, an amateur knowledge of chemistry, have usually been the quack's stock-in-

trade. He is a survival of conjurers, medicine-men, and pow-wows, and lives on the credulity of the world. Saint Germain, no doubt, was a member of Clan Quack; but he was a gentlemanly specimen, an agreeable companion, and his ambition was less to get money, as it seems, than to live in good and witty society. We may take up Saint Germain first, for the sake of clearness, in the "Correspondance Littéraire" of Grimm (September 1785); Grimm is speaking of the "Mémoires Authentiques pour servir à l'Histoire du Comte de Cagliostro," which he attributes to M. de Langlois or de Luchet. This is one of the works which Carlyle complains of so much in his extremely wordy essay on Joseph Balsamo. According to the "Mémoires," Cagliostro had visited, in Holstein, "the famous adept, Saint Germain." The author calls him "*un fin sévère*," without needful impudence, eloquence, and charm." Grimm, on the other hand, says that Saint Germain had plenty of *esprit*. He would tell anecdotes from ancient history with as much vivacity as if he had been describing events which he had witnessed and persons whom he had known. This, in fact, was his strong point. He would speak of Francis I. and Marguerite de Valois as if he had known them in the body. He would smilingly assert that it was only from his reading that he got his information, but this he did with a suspicious modesty, as one who would shield a more mysterious knowledge. Madame de Genlis knew him when she was a girl of fifteen. He then seemed to be a man of forty-five, and a girl of fifteen seldom underestimates the age of her elderly acquaintances. But people who had known the Count thirty or thirty-five years before said that he must be far older than he seemed. His hair was black, his complexion dark, his features regular. He spoke, with a perfect accent, English, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. He was an excellent musician, and had the secret of certain brilliant colours in painting. Latour, Vanloo, and other artists were astonished by the brilliance with which he painted jewels, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. Madame de Genlis never heard him talk of people long dead in his peculiarly familiar manner. He was religious, charitable, and correct in morals. M. de Genlis was persuaded that he was at least ninety years old. Once he asked the young lady if she would like to remain eternally at the age of eighteen. "Very much," she said. "Then I will manage it for you," he replied, and dropped the subject. Her mother then asked him if Germany was his native country. "All that I dare tell you of my birth," he said, "is that at seven years old I was wandering in the woods, with my tutor, and with a price set on my head." He then showed a portrait which his mother, a very beautiful woman, had given him at that tender age when his adventures began. Madame de Genlis never heard him say anything else that was remarkable. Some sixteen years later she heard of him at Sienna, where he seemed to be a man of not more than fifty. In another sixteen years, she heard that he was dead, in Holstein. The Prince de Hesse, who knew him there, said that he looked neither old nor broken, but unspeakably sad. "He died in an extremity of terror," like Faust, or like a very

wicked old cat once mine. I never saw dread of death and fear of a terrible future so vividly declared as in the face of poor old Gyp. But he recovered, and was soon stealing cold partridges, just like himself. Saint Germain, apparently, did not recover. His elixir of gold and aromatic herbs lost its power, and he went to his own—unless, indeed, he merely pretended to die, and reappeared in "The Strange Story."

Saint Germain had been a frequent visitor at Madame de Pompadour's, where Madame du Hausset met him. Her editors (1824) give a curious anecdote about the Count. He was talking of Charlemagne or Roland, or someone of that date, and appealed to his valet for a fact. "I do not remember it," said the valet. "Monsieur le Comte forgets that I have only had the honour to be in his service for five hundred years." It seems that Saint Germain generously gave his elixir to people whom he liked. He told Madame de Pompadour that he amused himself not by making people believe, but by letting them believe, that he was miraculously aged. Madame de Pompadour reminded him that the Comtesse de Gergy had known him, fifty years before, at Venice, when he looked no older than he did at that hour. He laughed and said, "Perhaps I am over a hundred, but it is quite as probable that the Comtesse is in her dotage." He entirely declined to give the King his elixir, which was lucky for the King, who would have lived to have his head cut off. The Count could remove the blemishes from diamonds, and did this, in one case, for Louis XV.

Quite recently the art of turning yellow diamonds white has been discovered, or rediscovered. He boasted that he could increase the size of pearls. The King treated him with great consideration, and spoke of his illustrious birth. Some thought him a natural son of the King of Portugal. He commonly wore very large and fine diamonds, in rings, and in his watch and snuff-box. M. de Gontaut valued his shoe-buckles and garter-clasps at 200,000 francs, and Madame thought the stones finer than the royal jewels. Voltaire called the Comte *un conte pour rire*. Whence came his wealth? He once showed Madame de Pompadour a great collection of rubies and sapphires. Some thought him a foreign spy. Some said that he was a son of a Jew at Bordeaux and of a Princess unnamed. The author of his life in the "Nouvelle Biographie Générale" supposes him to have had a certain hypnotic influence of suggestion, but the memoirs mentioned say nothing on this head, nor do they allege that he in any way made money out of public credulity. He was first brought to the Court by the Maréchal de Belle-Isle. These few facts are all that I have been able to discover. Saint Germain may be mentioned in the memoirs of Casanova, but, as Mr. Carlyle knew, they are not to be found in every library, and the rubbish-heap of them is disagreeable to scratch in. Perhaps the Jewish hypothesis is the most credible. An ambitious wealthy Jew might find Saint Germain's the easiest way of getting into society. We notice no anecdotes to his discredit, and we are left to marvel at the ferocious reproaches of his conscience. If I were to advance a theory it would be that Saint Germain was the son of the Man in the Iron Mask; but that is only to explain *obscurum per obscurius*.

At least we can admire his tact, his way of letting people believe all manner of prodigies. He was really more accomplished as a charlatan, though less ambitious, than Cagliostro. The Inquisition never got hold of Saint Germain. You can read about someone very like him, Hebrew too, in Thackeray's "Notch in the Axe."

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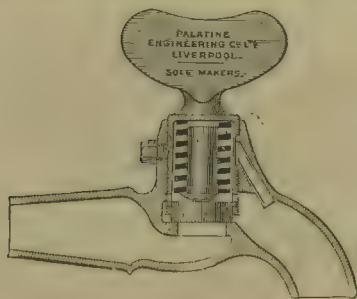
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From J. W. HOOPER, Rector, Gateshead Fell Rectory, Nov. 16, 1891.

"... I have a lingering cold on me which affects my throat. I used the pills yesterday, and found an appreciable relief in the performance of my Sunday duty. In purchasing there was considerably less effort than there must otherwise have been."

From C. N. FARMER, Vicar, Silsoe Vicarage, Nov. 25, 1891.

"Many thanks for the pills. I tried one last night at a meeting that I spoke at, and found great benefit therefrom."

From THOS. H. ETHELL, Resident Clergyman, South Moor, Chester-le-Street, Nov. 28, 1891.

"I am pleased to hear testimony to the value of your pills, in my own case, as helpful to the public speaker, in the case of my little boy, aged five, who has been suffering from bronchitis, and also in the case of one of our school-masters, who has had an attack of **INFLUENZA**."

"I trust that the pills may become widely known amongst the clergy. They will soon find, on using them, that your Catramin Pills are far ahead of all we have in the market as a specific for strengthening the voice, with this further inestimable advantage, that they do not produce nausea or any such ill effects."



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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The suggestion of Canon Murray, of Chislehurst, that the whole of the burial service, with the exception of the prayer of committal and the "grace," should be read in church, thus exposing the mourners to the minimum of risk, is very good, sensible, and timely. It affords a plain and easy way of combining reverence with due regard to health, and in view of recent funeral events deserves to be adopted.

Much of the gossip now current about Cardinal Manning is worthless. Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, who writes with knowledge on such subjects, confirms the statement that "The Eternal Priesthood" is likely to be longest remembered of the Cardinal's works. Mr. Hutton is very busy on his biography, no part of which will be given to the public till the whole is issued. The story which an absurd sketch in an evening paper gives currency to, that Manning and Newman had a regular yearly meeting to talk over old times, is without foundation.

The Dean of Rochester writes that the services for working men in his cathedral have no resemblance to those "pious entertainments" the Pleasant Sunday Afternoons. The meetings are held in a church, and the prayer-book is used.

To Canon Murray's notes with satisfaction that in early memorial services for the Duke of Clarence Requiem Masses were said, and hopes that this will "lead people generally to return to the pious practice pursued by all the best divines of the English Church of saying prayers for the dead."

Very few people know much of the most widely read and the most influential of all recent religious writers—the author of "The Peep o' Day." She was Miss Bevan, daughter of the late Robert Bevan, and married a Mr. Mortimer. In her youth she was an intimate friend of Manning, who spoke of her as his "spiritual mother," just as Newman used to say that he almost owed his soul to Thomas Scott, the great saint and doctor of the Evangelical Party.

The most important religious book that has appeared for some time is "The Dictionary of Hymnology," issued by Mr. Murray, and edited by the Rev. John Julian. Among the enormous number of facts given by Mr. Julian some errors and omissions may be detected, but, on the whole, the work has been done in such fashion that it will not want to be done again.

A book of some interest is the biography of Charles Simeon, by the Rev. H. C. G. Moule. Mr. Moule, who was Second Class in his day, is now the Cambridge Evangelical leader, and thus the successor as well as the biographer of Simeon. His style is disappointingly colourless, but he has had access to fresh material, and has used his opportunities with discretion and judgment.

It does not fall within my province to review the very racy and entertaining book "Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews," by A. K. H. B. It contains many very remarkable stories. One is that the late Dr. Lindsay Alexander, the well-known Congregational minister of Edinburgh, declared to Dr. Boyd, in 1875, that a few years before it was the turning of a straw with him whether he should not go into the Church of England, but it was then too late. Dr. Alexander was the head of a college for training Congregational students, as well as minister of a congregation, and this story reveals him in a singular light.

Another anecdote, equally curious, is that Dean Stanley

declared that, if he could manage it, his book on Jesus Christ should be published between the day he died and the day he was buried. Of course, it never was published.

At a meeting of the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle on Jan. 25, Dean Henderson presiding, the Chapter Clerk read the *compte d'être* enabling the Chapter to elect a Bishop, and afterwards a letter, signed by her Majesty, recommending the name of Dr. Bardsley, Bishop of Sodor and Man. Bishop Bardsley was unanimously elected Bishop of Carlisle.

The Vicarage of Wakefield, vacant by the appointment of the Ven. Archdeacon Stratton to the Bishopric of Sodor and Man, has been conferred by the Crown upon the Rev. William Donne, Vicar of Great Yarmouth. Mr. Donne was Vicar of All Hallows, East India Docks, between 1877 and 1891, and from 1891 to 1886 was Rector of Limehouse.

The most remarkable of all, and one that will doubtless be referred to Mr. Gladstone, concerns Bishop Wordsworth, of St. Andrews. Dr. Boyd says that the Bishop differed from Mr. Gladstone in opinion. "And the consequence was a lengthy sentence, written in a very bad hand, which set forth that in advising her Majesty as to the appointment to the dignities of the Church a Prime Minister must hold in view the paramount claims of those who had aided him in passing legislative measures of the highest importance for the welfare of the nation. The meaning could be gathered. Briefly, 'Vote against me, and don't look for anything from me.' Comment on this may be superfluous, but I fancy there will be a good deal of it."

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 21, 1891) of Mr. Thomas Robins Keen, late of Wilton Lodge, High Road, Lee, who died on Dec. 5, was proved on Jan. 1 by Albert Keen and Percy Keen, the sons, Herbert Thomas Carty, the grandson, and Charles Thomas Harris, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £79,000. The testator leaves £200, and all his jewellery, wines, and household stores, to his wife, Mrs. Anna Keen; his residence, with the furniture, plate, books, and effects, to her, for life; and £100 to his executor Mr. Harris. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, during the life of his wife, to pay £1500 per annum to her; one third of the remainder of the income to each of his sons, Albert and Percy; and one third between his grandchildren, Herbert Thomas Carty, Edith Anna Carty, Lillian Carty, Reginald Charles Carty, and Leslie Carty. On the death of his wife, he gives the land and buildings known as St. Saviour's Wharf, Mill Street, Bermondsey, and £12,000 Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Birmingham Corporation Stock, upon trust, for his said five grandchildren; and the ultimate residue equally between his said two sons.

The will (dated June 26, 1890) of Mr. Simon Oppenheim, late of 14, John Street, Berkeley Square, who died on Nov. 27, was proved on Jan. 13 by Jacob Oppenheim, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £44,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to his brother Lassa Oppenheim, Professor, Doctor Jurisprudence, Freiberg, Baden; and £500 to his old friend, Henry Havelock Montagu. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his brother Jacob Oppenheim.

The will (dated April 1, 1886), with a codicil (dated Jan. 24, 1891), of Mrs. Louisa Caroline Crozier, late of Lismore Lodge,

Twickenham, who died on Nov. 3, was proved on Jan. 1 by Philip Wride Matthews, the nephew; Arthur John Matthews, the great-nephew; and Miss Martha Blandford Matthews, the niece, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £33,000. The testatrix gives an annuity to her servant George Turner, and the residue of her personal estate to her nephews and nieces, to Helman Charles Harris and Emily Kate Parham, nephew and niece of her late husband, and to the children of her late nephew, Morgan Dove Blandford.

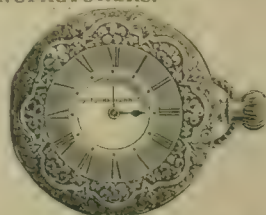
The will (dated March 14, 1887) of Mrs. Betty Gadsdon, late of 204, Dalston Lane, who died on Dec. 11, was proved on Jan. 11 by Ernest George Gadsdon and Herbert Edward Franklyn Gadsdon, the sons, and Richard Gadsdon, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. Subject to a few legacies, the testatrix leaves all her real and personal estate in trust for her six children in equal shares.

The will (dated April 1, 1884), with a codicil (dated Feb. 14, 1890), of Mr. Josiah Dore Williams, J.P., late of 12, Cavendish Place, Bath, who died on Oct. 31, was proved on Dec. 18 by Mrs. Emma Mary Williams, the widow, and Thomas Bellingham Coombe Williams and Thomas Cypryan Williams, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testator gives £500, his household furniture and effects, and all his leasehold property to his wife; his freehold residence, 12, Cavendish Place, to his wife, for life, and then to his nephew Thomas Bellingham Williams, and other legacies. His freehold property known as "Pierce Williams" Hatfield Broad Oak, Essex, he devises to his wife, for life, and then settles same on his nephew Frederick Williams. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her death he bequeaths legacies to nephews and nieces; and the ultimate residue is to be divided between his nieces and nephew, Gertrude Hodgson, Charlotte Williams, and Frederick Williams, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 3, 1888), with a codicil (dated Aug. 15, 1889), of Mr. John Fletcher Bennett, late of North Breache Manor, Ewhurst, Surrey, who died on Nov. 6 at Brighton, was proved on Jan. 11 by William Holland King, James Clemens Soldi, and George Matthews Arnold, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for her, for life, then, as to one fifth, for his daughter, Dorothy Sumner Bennett; and, as to two fifths, for each of his sons, John Antero Bennett and Cyril Buswell Bennett.

The will (dated Oct. 15, 1887), with a codicil (dated Jan. 26, 1889), of Mr. James Remington Stedman, M.D., late of Guildford, who died on Dec. 6, was proved on Dec. 30 by Mrs. Annie Stedman, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £14,000. The testator, after some bequests to his wife, leaves the residue of his property, upon trust, for her, for life, and then, upon further trusts, for his daughter, Rosa Harriet Cooke, her husband and children.

The will of Dame Sarah Harriet Bourne, formerly of Heathfield, Wavertree, near Liverpool, and late of Queen's Gate Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Sept. 22 at Bangor Lodge, Ascot, was proved on Jan. 15 by James William Seaburne May, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7116.

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BEAUTY'S EYES. Tosti.

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Words by F. Z. Westbury.

THE GOLDEN BAR. Frederick Bevan.

In three keys, C, D, and F.
Words by F. Z. Westbury.

THE GOLDEN BAR. Frederick Bevan.

Song by Mr. H. W. Jones, Mr. H. W. Jones, Mr. H. W. Jones, &c.
Words by F. Z. Westbury.

NEW HUNTING SONG.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE SEASON;
or, Fox-hunter's Joy.
W. Williams.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE SEASON.

O. MISTRESS MINE. Henry Watson.
Will be sung by Mr. H. W. Jones, Mr. H. W. Jones, &c.
Words by Tom H. Jones.

O. MISTRESS MINE. Henry Watson.

A BOWER OF ROSES. Albert Fox.
Words by Tom H. Jones.

A BOWER OF ROSES. Albert Fox.

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The directors of the Philharmonic Society are out betimes with their prospectus. They do not, however, offer a particularly comprehensive indication of their arrangements for the coming season. A few instrumental artists are named, and a list is given of the principal works to be performed, but the order in which the former will appear and the latter distributed at the various concerts can, so far, be only matter of guesswork. One definite promise, though, is made with regard to the opening concert, on March 10: it is to be a "Mozart Centenary Concert," and the scheme is to be made up exclusively of compositions by that master. Such a tribute will become the oldest and foremost English orchestral society, and we may fairly remark, in this instance, "Better late than never." It is understood that M. Alfred de Greef will play Mozart's pianoforte concerto in C at the concert in question. The other pianists mentioned are Madame Sophie Menter, M. Sapellnikoff, Mr. Frederick Lamond, and Miss Dora Bright, who is to introduce her new second fantasia for piano and orchestra. Dr. Joachim and M. Yeaye are also engaged, and Herr Hugo Becker will play a work for violoncello at one of the concerts. The directors' announcement that they intend to curtail their programmes in future would have given unequivocal satisfaction had they not added

that this might sometimes be accomplished by excluding vocal music. The Philharmonic Concerts were always too long, but no one wished to see them shortened by cutting out one of their most agreeable features. We learn, however, that in consequence of the adverse opinions which have been expressed the idea of interfering with the vocal portion of the programmes will not be carried out.

Sir Charles Hallé persevered steadily with his London Orchestral Concerts. The fourth of the series, which took place at St. James's Hall on Jan. 22, suffered in common with other musical entertainments from the depressing influences of the moment. Even the concert-giver himself was not altogether free from illness, and, although well enough to conduct, was forced to entrust the duty of playing a solo to his accomplished wife. The audience had no reason to complain on this score, and indeed so delighted was it with Lady Hallé's rendering of the Mendelssohn violin concerto that she had to respond to an enthusiastic double recall. At the opening of the concert the incomparable "Trauermarsch" from the last of the "Nibelungen" music-dramas was played as a mark of respect to the memory of the Duke of Clarence. The Manchester band was heard to greater advantage, though, both in Wagner's "Siegfried-Idyll" and Saint-Saëns's symphonic poem "Le Rouet d'Omphale," while the performance of Brahms's Second Symphony, which terminated the concert, left simply nothing to be desired.

Brahms's new vocal quartets and gipsy songs were to have been repeated at the Monday Popular Concert of Jan. 25, but, owing to the regrettable indisposition of Mrs. Henschel, these delightful pieces had to be omitted from the programme. There was naturally much disappointment, but Mr. Henschel did his best to fill up the gap, and gave a superb rendering of Loewe's two songs, "The Erl King" and "Henry the Fowler," adding, as an encore for the latter, Schumann's "Two Grenadiers." The pianist, Mlle. Janotha, played in brilliant style Chopin's polonaise in F sharp minor, and, being called upon for a second piece, gave the same composer's funeral march. Madame Nédra was also encored in her solo, in addition to which the gifted violinist took part in quartets by Mendelssohn and Schumann.

The popular and talented Cambridge musician, Mr. Gerard F. Cobb, introduced a revised version of his quintet for piano and strings (just published by Mr. Woolhouse, of Regent Street) at a chamber concert given by Mr. Alfred Burnet at Blackheath on Jan. 25. Connoisseurs who had this opportunity of hearing the work in its new and amplified form were unanimously of opinion that Mr. Cobb had added greatly to the strength and interest of his quintet. Unfortunately, he had slightly hurt one of his fingers, but in spite of this disadvantage the composer did ample justice to the effective pianoforte part, and was recalled at the close of a capital performance, together with his able conductors.

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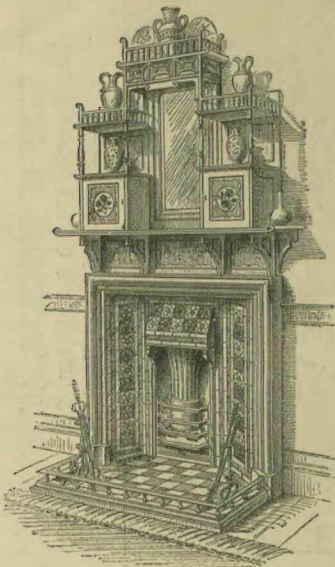
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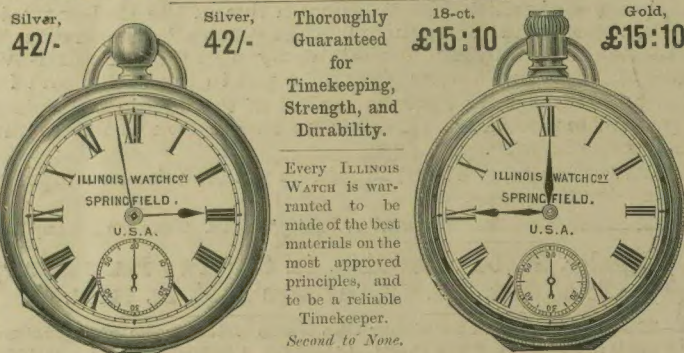
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